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Events of the Week.

THE coal dispute has now entered upon a stage of tragic deadlock, which seems likely to end only when the mining population is destitute and the general industries of the country are in a state of utter collapse. According to the "Daily News," four millions of workers are now in a state of no work or half work. The Government professed to believe, without the slightest justification so far as can be ascertained, that the offer for the temporary period of four months was acceptable to a majority of the Miners' Executive, and that in rejecting it the delegate conference was running counter to the wishes of the rank and file. There was talk in Whitehall for a day or two of a demand by the coalfields for a ballot, and of a probable crumpling up of the forces of the Federation. Instead of this, good evidence from all the colliery districts is to the effect that the men are more united in the demand for a national settlement than they were at the beginning of the dispute. What they regard as their betrayal by the Triple Alliance has steeled them to a resistance no less desperate because it is carried on passively and almost in silence.

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MEANWHILE, the members of the Miners' Executive are scattered throughout their districts, the Mine Owners' Committee has dispersed, and the Government seem to acquiesce calmly in a test of endurance in which hunger will fight for one side and growing social and industrial chaos for the other. It is idle under these circumstances to discuss the merits of the temporary offer of the Government. The conflict arose out of the claim for a national settlement, and this issue remains supreme. The Government and the owners have simply persisted in a refusal, without arguing the case, as Mr. Hodges bitterly reminded Sir Robert Horne. The condition attached to the offer of the £10,000,000 grant, that a permanent settlement on district lines for fifteen months must be agreed to, was clearly designed to fasten the system of district inequalities upon the men, as the price of easing the burden a little during the slump period. The question therefore remains whether an

escape cannot be found in a recurrence to Sir Arthur Duckham's plan for the reorganization of the industry, which the Government have already approved. We discuss the question elsewhere.

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A CORRESPONDENT writes from the coalfields: "If one mentions a ballot to men in the Midlands and the North, they reply without hesitation that it would be a waste of energy to take it. The feeling of all classes of mine workers, as expressed in crowded lodge meetings, in debate at the street corners, and in more intimate personal conversations, is overwhelmingly against a return to work until either a form of national settlement is conceded, or starvation forces the men back. The quiet bearing of the men is simply uncanny. They know well the suffering and loss which a continuance of the conflict entails, but their will remains inflexible. One sees no sign of dejection anywhere. The wives hold out as tenaciously as their husbands for what they believe to be the only means of keeping the better standard of life they have reached. All the resources of the colliery communities are being mobilized to feed the children and relieve distress. Thrifty miners offer their savings to the unions, and tradespeople freely give credit. In a word, the hard, materialistic principles of modern industry are being openly and practically denied."

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AN exciting week of conclaves among the Allies, protracted from sitting to sitting, and from day to day, in a fashion which suggested serious dissensions, has resulted in an ultimatum, and a fresh and rather reduced version of the Allied terms. M. Briand, fighting, as he genially told the French Press, "with his back to the wall," stood out for the immediate occupation of the Ruhr without further parleys. The insatiable Parisian Press has created an atmosphere in which even postponement is felt to be a defeat. The predatory aim is frankly confessed, and one popular paper prints, with a picture map on its front page, a list of all the wealth in mines, forges, and factories, which is to be seized. None the less, M. Briand consented, in the end, to a twelve days' delay. Fresh demands have been drafted, and these will be presented in the form of an ultimatum, which must be unconditionally accepted. Failing acceptance, the French will march. The mobilization of the youngest class of reserves has begun, and the troops are being forwarded to the advanced bases for the invasion along the Rhine. M. Briand pressed also for a blockade of the German ports, but prudence suggested that American shipping might resent this particular "sanction." There may, perhaps, be a naval "demonstration." But it will not amount to a blockade, and it will probably be delayed.

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THE delay, we are inclined to think, is not the only check which the French military party has at last sustained. The new terms, which look at a first glance much severer than those drafted in Paris, contain an

automatic check, which will in some degree adjust the tribute to Germany's ability to pay. The total debt, indeed, is fixed at the immense figure in present values of £6,750 millions. On this the interest is fixed at 5 per cent., with a sinking fund of 1 per cent. But the bonds for this vast amount are to be issued only gradually. By November the total issue is to amount to only £2,500 millions, and at this figure, which happens to be Dr. Simons's, it may halt indefinitely. The minimum yearly payment is apparently to be £100 millions, plus a figure equal to 25 per cent. of the value of Germany's exports. Not until the yearly payment, swollen as the exports expand, exceeds £150 millions, will any further bonds be issued. In other words the liability to issue the remaining £4,250 millions of bonds will become actual only when, and in so far as, Germany's exports reveal her capacity to pay. That day, of course, may be indefinitely distant.

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If one treats this scheme seriously, as though in fact the Allies were legislating for all time, it is the worst yet proposed. The total sum is colossal. The ultimate measure of yearly payments, which would come to about £400 millions, is unthinkable high. The time occupied, which would be 37 years, counting from the date when all the bonds were issued, might run over two generations. During all this period, the Allies would have absolute control over the whole of German finance, both loans and taxation, and a first claim on all German assets. Such a prospect of national debt-slavery, stretching over half-a-century or more, backed as it could only be by constant military coercion, would reduce the whole life of the Continent to nightmare.

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On the other hand, if we reckon on a gradual return, in the not too distant future, of Allied opinion to sanity, the scheme marks a considerable advance. The contingent liability for the £4,250 millions of bonds may never become actual, and if further experience should show that it is beyond the capacity of Germany to pay it within the lifetime of the generation that endured the war, it may eventually be cancelled. It so happens that this contingent amount is about equal to the sum due for pensions and dependants' allowances, which ought never to have crept into the bill. Some years hence, let us hope, there will be a cancelling of debts all round. It is a risky gamble for Germany, but she will, we think, be wise to accept these terms as they stand. They are no worse for the first five years than Dr. Simons's own offer, and decidedly better than the Paris terms. The extravagant tribute will begin only some years, probably many years, hence. Germany will certainly have to borrow from America or Holland, in order to pay anything at all for the first year or two. But that is an objection to any of the schemes, including Dr. Simons's own. From our own standpoint, however, the central puzzle remains—how Germany can launch on the world this steadily rising flood of gratis exports, based on labor paid in depreciated paper, without ruining our own trade and causing perpetual unemployment.

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If this reading of the new terms is sound, it may be expected that the Germans, in order to avoid the seizure of the Ruhr, may bow to the ultimatum. But what then of the French? Even M. Briand, who is far from being the typical fire-eater, has said that they will not mobilize for nothing. They have come of late to covet the Ruhr as an end in itself, and not merely as a means towards reparation. One must allow something for the opera-

tion of political cunning upon ignorance. The Paris terms were swallowed in France, because the total was stated in terms of annuities, a huge, but illusory, figure. Once more £6,750 millions, present values, looks a vast sum and may dazzle the multitude. It may not notice that nearly two-thirds of it is highly contingent. But, unluckily, the multitude has begun to think in terms, not of milliards, but of mines and factories. The end is not yet, and one will feel no certainty that the Ruhr has escaped until demobilization begins.

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An Irish correspondent writes: "The significant features of Irish affairs for the last six months are the failure of the military campaign—it has made no progress since Christmas—and that of the attempt to stampede Irish opinion by mixed terror and cajolery into a capitulation. In the interests of peace, and at a moment when peace talk is abundant, it is not inopportune to recall the disastrous effect of the interference of a few members of the Galway County Council last November. Six members, who did not constitute a quorum, published a resolution at a critical stage of an effort towards peace. Represented as the formal action of an important public body, this was hailed as a significant defection from Dáil Eireann, and the harbinger of a landslide. It affected the current of Irish opinion as much as a pebble thrown against a torrent. But it stiffened one wing of the Cabinet and made a truce impossible. The incident should have taught Irish people the danger of precipitate interference, and English politicians the futility of unauthorized negotiators. There is some risk lest Cardinal Logue's address to a confirmation class at Clonoe will have equally dangerous consequences. While no one has anything but the deepest respect for his character and motives, it cannot be too plainly stated that his Eminence carries no effective political weight in Ireland. The Cardinal is in a position to embarrass the Irish cause abroad, and to injure his own Church at home. He has not the power to influence in any serious degree the political movement in Ireland, or to take its guidance out of the hands of Mr. de Valera and Dáil Eireann."

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A COMPARISON of the election addresses in the Six Counties and the rest of Ireland throws light on the social and political ideals of both areas. In announcing the sanction Dáil Eireann has given to the Parliamentary elections, though not to the nominations to the Senate, Mr. de Valera appeals to the country to confirm the authority conferred by the elections of 1918. Sinn Fein, he says, stands for the right of the people to determine freely for themselves how they shall be governed, for the right of every citizen to an equal voice in this determination, for civil and religious equality, for full proportional representation, and "all possible safeguarding of minorities." It stands, he continues, for Ireland undivided, and "in home affairs for such devolution of administration and authority as would make for the satisfaction and contentment of all sections of the people, and would not be inconsistent with efficiency and economy." This is the offer to Ulster. Sir James Craig is for the Act as it stands and for such development as he thinks is possible under it. He asks his supporters to "back him up in making the best of their present position. The limit of compromise in the immediate future has been reached. There was no partition of Ireland under the new Act." His first duty with the approval of his colleagues would be to enter the Council of Ireland and meet Mr. de Valera there if he so chooses. A meeting has now taken place, but not at the Council.

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SIR JAMES CRAIG's followers speak with an accent more intelligible in Belfast. Viscount Massereene "does not anticipate that the loyal trade union workmen and women will vote for the Roman Catholic or Sinn Fein candidate." Mr. T. H. Burn, M.P., says "the real struggle in this instance was between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. Let them make no mistake about that." Mr. R. J. Lynn, M.P., says Nationalists were Sinn Feiners in disguise. At a Belfast Orange meeting, opened with prayer, reference to the Lord-Lieutenant was omitted, but there was added, "Let us pray specially for the Chief Secretary." The well-named Mr. Twaddle, one of the speakers, said, "The Six-County Parliamentary contest was not political; it was a contest for the defence of Protestantism. . . . One item we will all agree upon is contrary to the constitution of this country, the appointment of a Roman Catholic Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His very first act was to take the Oath of Allegiance on the Douai Bible. I really do not know what we are driven to do." Under such leaders and in these beliefs the country goes to the polls.

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WHEN Lord Parmoor produced for the inspection of the House of Lords a dum-dum cartridge which his brother, Dr. Cripps, had picked up on the floor of the hotel at Castleconnell, during the bloody affray between two drunken parties of police, he was asked why this gentleman had not shown it to the Court of Inquiry. Now Dr. Cripps writes to the "Times" to say that, though he and his wife left their addresses at the hotel and the local post office, they were never asked to attend the inquiry, and never even heard of it. It will be remembered that Dr. and Mrs. Cripps were threatened with instant death by revolvers being held to their breasts, and that they were the only competent neutral witnesses of the horrible affair. Practically, therefore, everything depended on them, and it is safe to say that in a Court desiring to hear the truth they would have been the first and the most important witnesses. That is the measure of what these tribunals are worth.

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WE should have said that of all members of the House of Commons Sir Henry Craik was the least likely to express a strong repugnance to the policy of the Government in Ireland. That is not said in disrespect of his character. But Sir Henry is a man of strong, even rooted, Conservatism, and as a life-long Unionist it would be his normal habit of mind to accept and support a rigorous application of the Executive power in Ireland. It can therefore only be a feeling that Mr. George's conduct in Ireland is a denial of law, order, and moral right that has driven this veteran of constitutionalism to such a scorching reprobation of it as he has just given to the "Scotsman." Listen to these words:—

"It would (he writes) be a grievous error to suppose that because the average citizen—the ever present man in the street—is at present patient, and, for the most part, silent, he is, therefore, not strained and anxious about the Irish situation, and that he is not very near the moment for an outburst of indignation which may burst upon his leaders with the force of a hurricane. He is deeply and painfully conscious of the cancer that is eating, eating into the very heart of our constitution by the prolonged agony of the Irish situation. The spectacle of barbarous cruelty and of ineffective authority is telling upon all our foreign relations, is besmirching our escutcheon, and, worse than all, is undermining our own self-respect."

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UNOFFICIAL news from several quarters reports that the three members of the *plébiscite* Commission in Upper Silesia have made by a majority vote their recommenda-

tion for the division of the province. Pless and Rybnik are to go to the Poles, and there is to be a rectification of the frontier elsewhere, which will give part of the industrial district of Kattowitz to Poland. This division would carry out the results of the vote fairly enough, for Pless and Rybnik had a big Polish majority. The case against any division is, however, a strong one on economic grounds. Pless and Rybnik happen to contain about nine parts in eleven of the coal. The mines, elsewhere, are fully exploited and will have no very long life. The mines of Pless and Rybnik, in addition to their big yield to-day, contain almost the whole wealth of the future. That the Poles can develop them is very doubtful, and one may question whether their present yield can be maintained. With this future wealth Germany might pay a considerable indemnity. Without it, the best chance of the expansion of her exports is gone. Moreover, the industrial district which depended largely on these mines will suffer serious disturbance.

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THE reported recommendation of the Commission is not, of course, decisive, especially if it be true that it was not reached unanimously. The final decision lies with the Supreme Council, and on it France may stand out for an even larger concession to the Poles. They, meanwhile, are resorting to violence. M. Korfanty and the Polish Government behind him claim a full three-fourths of the province, including the whole industrial district. In a proclamation he has disclaimed any further responsibility for order, and promptly enough a big body of Polish insurgents has crossed the frontier, and the Polish population in the South-East has started pogroms against the German inhabitants. A further possible complication lies in the almost incredible rumor from Paris that the French plans for the seizure of the Ruhr include some Polish co-operation from the East. That, however, cannot have been accepted in London, if it was ever proposed. The awkward fact is that the British troops have withdrawn from Silesia, and if the Poles should attempt to repeat here their usual tactics of sending in a "rebellious" general to occupy the country, as they did at Vilna, they are not likely to encounter much opposition from the French.

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THE Washington Government spent several days in deliberating whether it should take any action upon the German offer. To hand it on officially to the Allies would have been to endorse it, and to back it. There were several conferences with the Ambassadors of the Allies in Washington, and also, it seems, some direct correspondence by cable. In the end Mr. Hughes replied to Dr. Simons with a decided refusal. The American Government found itself "unable to reach the conclusion that these proposals afford a basis of discussion acceptable to the Allied Governments." This wording expresses no opinion on the value of the offer: it confines itself to stating that the Allies will not entertain it. The Note went on to advise Germany to make another offer, "clear, definite, and adequate," directly to the Allies. What the exact opinion of Washington really is has not been publicly stated, but it is reported that Mr. Secretary Hughes has informed the French Ambassador that America is opposed to any steps which would "prostrate Germany." That sounds like a warning against seizing the Ruhr. In sum, however, the appeal of Dr. Simons has failed, and in consequence he and the German Government have resigned. The one small gain from his gesture is that the Allies have invited America to resume her seat on the Ambassadors' Council and the Reparations Commission.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW NAPOLEONISM.

THE centenary of Napoleon's death happens to fall amid events which point the lessons and prolong the experiences of history. As we count one by one the lapse of the twelve days which seem to lie between us and the French seizure of the Ruhr, we are forced to realize the amazing logic and continuity in the destinies of France. Always the decisive factor has been that long Eastern frontier; always the fatal and inevitable opposition has been the interminable feud of these two neighbors. Everything else in French history seems on a long view episodic. The colonizing impulse which carried her pioneers to the New World had a brief duration, and can never be renewed. The adventures in India, in Egypt, in the Crimea, are brilliant pages in history, but they have no more woven a continuous thread in the pattern than the expedition to Mexico. Italy makes a longer entry in the story, but it is fairly safe to say that Louis Napoleon closed it. The one opposition that always recurs, the dominating polar contrast, is to be found in that part of the policy of the two Napoleons which contemporary France is following out to-day. The differences, to be sure, are striking enough. The terrific revolutionary impulse is absent. There is no longer a universal creed, an armed doctrine, which French arms seek to carry with them wherever they go. The glories and triumphs of Napoleon are unintelligible, unless one remembers that in his prime, and even in a less degree at the tragic end, there was everywhere, even for a time in Russia and in Spain, a section of the nations he subdued which welcomed him as the hero of the enlightenment. To-day, in so far as France, in her military ascendancy over the Continent, stands for anything more than national interests, her party is the reaction. She is the leader of all who base their conduct on a dread of the Russian Revolution. She has her partisans among the "Whites" in Hungary, and among the feudal magnates of Poland and Hungary. The tiny Hapsburg interest leans upon her, and so do, or did, the extremer separatist Clericals of Bavaria. There is even in North Germany a small capitalist interest which inclines to be pro-French, largely because in French ascendancy it sees the surest bulwark against Socialism.

France has changed her political color, and with it her partisans in Europe. But the main lines of the political strategy of the two Napoleons in Europe remain curiously constant. Then, as now, Prussia is the enemy. Disarmament on the Tilsit plan has been achieved. It now remains to take what matters much more than the guns—the coal. The ultimate political aim is the same—to detach Westphalia and the Left Bank of the Rhine, and then, if possible, to bring a separated South Germany within the French orbit. The central purpose of defeating German unity lived through the second Napoleonic period. As a destructive aim it is quite as open and quite as conscious in the political school of M. Poincaré and Marshal Foch. One notes at times the working of the traditional idea that the Hapsburgs are a relatively harmless dynasty, whom one may beat to-day and marry to-morrow. Their restoration as a counterpoise to Prussia is part of the general scheme with which Neo-Napoleonism plays, not, indeed, as an object to be steadily pursued, like the seizure of the Ruhr, but as a pleasant possibility, to be welcomed if luck should favor it. Finally, the Poles fall into place as the far-flung outpost encircling Prussia, a race to be flattered, armed, and, it may be, once more betrayed. It seems to matter

not at all that Prussia itself, in the interval, has changed more profoundly than any other State save Russia. Indeed, her Socialistic tendency to-day may be as grave an offence as was her monarchism a hundred years ago. The feud is geographic and racial. It is the sheer mechanical opposition of the two strongest and compactest political units in Europe.

The oddest part of this historical revival is our own part in it. France is herself again. It may be hard for us to realize how little her history from 1871 to 1914 was typical, because it is the portion which fills our own lifetime. Most of us had come to think of France as a somewhat passive and self-centred Power, devoted to culture and the arts, apt at times to give adventurers their head in Africa, but prudent almost to timidity in Continental affairs. We imagined that the militarism which had its unbroken and unparalleled record up to Sedan was extinct for ever, and the decline of the population seemed to justify that belief. The experience of two years of the peace has taught us to revise these opinions. Alsace fills up the gap in the population, and the colored troops of North Africa, not to mention the negro conscripts, are an indefinite reinforcement. The motives are not all ambition. Dread of bankruptcy is one of them, and a sense of insecurity is another. There is nothing new there. The bankruptcy of the Directorate promoted Napoleon's great march into Italy, and paradoxical as it may sound, even Napoleon fought for security. His most distant ventures might stand as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the maxim that attack is the best defence. Without troubling ourselves, however, with the psychology of our neighbors, the fact is that we have naively assisted them to set up a military ascendancy of the most absolute type. The one-sided disarmament, M. Clemenceau's system of alliances, the occupation of the Rhine Provinces, and the sabotage of the League of Nations, for which France, even more than Mr. Lloyd George, is to blame—all these factors were decisive at the start. The perpetual rattling of the sabre, the shadow of Marshal Foch at every Allied Council, and the dreary crescendo of "sanctions" were latent in the whole settlement of Versailles.

The perception of what we have done now grows uneasily in wide circles of English opinion. We, too, have a tradition which is quite as persistent as that of the French. Our hereditary doctrine of the "balance of power" has been a curse to ourselves and others. The creation of any genuine League of Nations would have banished it to the dim chambers of memory. On it no secure peace can be based, or ever was based. But hereditary ways of thinking die hard, and little as we like the doctrine of balance, we like the hegemony of to-day even less. The "Times," in a memorable leader in 1914, justified the war with Germany in terms of the balance. The result of the war, given the moral and physical impotence of the League, and the retirement of America, is that France remains in effect the one surviving Continental Great Power. Austria is dead for ever. Russia will need a decade or a generation to revive. Italy was never in the front rank, and though there is a promise of power, moral and economic, in the future, she does not yet pull her weight in the team. We have done what every British statesman from Pitt to Lord Salisbury would have thought merely insane; we have helped to make France the mistress of the Continent. Her purpose, as nearly everyone perceives, is the ruin of Germany, and there is little ground for the hope that she will desist. If there were really an effective Opposition in France, one might count on a return to good sense, for there are distinguished Frenchmen alive who have not bowed the knee to Baal. But on the whole the Opposition works for still more drastic measures.

The only exceptions are the Socialists, and they offer no hope, for the majority has become avowedly revolutionary—which is at once a symptom and an aggravation of the entanglement of French politics. The danger will not have disappeared, even if by an abject surrender Germany should on this occasion escape the threat of the seizure of the Ruhr. Her surrender will be nothing but a momentary yielding to overwhelming force. She will be saddled with obligations which, in all probability, she could not even with goodwill fulfil, and every clash, every dispute, every default in the future will bring us back to the present crisis, it may be in an aggravated form. The taking of the Ruhr has become an *idée fixe*, and the dominant party in France will go on repeating it, if it should be disappointed to-day, much as Cato used to repeat his demand for the destruction of Carthage.

The plea which rational men would make for maintaining the present association with France is, we suppose, that it does enable us to exert some measure of control, however slight, over French ambitions. Unless we had been there to put on the brake, it may be said, the French would have been in the Ruhr long ago, and the schemes for breaking up the Reich, for installing the Poles in Silesia, and for restoring the Hapsburgs might to-day be accomplished facts. We doubt this reasoning. We incline to think that the French have discarded every argument of prudence precisely because they reckon on our continuous and almost unconditional support. They care nothing for the resentments which they are provoking in Germany, because they believe that we shall always be at their side to defend them. They have got our signature to the ruinous Treaty, and they argue, partly from the retreats of Mr. Lloyd George when Conferences take place, and partly from the timidity of the Liberal and Labor Oppositions, that we shall go on indefinitely acting as their second in European affairs. If we interpret rightly the incidence of the new scheme of reparations adopted in London, Mr. George has at last succeeded in securing a modification, so far, at least, as the more immediate incidence of the instalments is concerned. We shall see what the French response will be. But in any case the capital burden imposed remains far beyond Germany's power to bear it.

As for the method it has been wrong throughout. Our case for moderation ought to have received equal publicity with the French case for extremes. The true facts about Germany's financial and industrial case, some of them relatively hopeful, but most of them destructive of the French claims, ought to have been stated officially. If argument failed, then the only course was to oppose French action bluntly, and to leave France alone to blunder into sanity, if she really should insist on acting alone. That she would have gone to extremes in isolation we do not believe. Her folly of to-day is due to the belief that we have insured her against Continental risks. So long as we act this part, not only will she continue to follow her aim of ruin in Europe, but we shall be totally unable, to-day or to-morrow, to initiate any policy of restoration. Our natural associate in such a policy is Italy, and we should endeavor to undo the existing alienations between the two countries. If the Prime Minister lacks the character to take a definite stand, then the hope of any betterment in European affairs, and consequently of any mending of our own commercial outlook, must wait for his successor. But reactions of despair and revenge are, meanwhile, created, which may render any future effort inordinately difficult and complicated.

A WAY TO PEACE.

THE disastrous deadlock in the coal industry is the result of that fatal habit of disregarding realities and leaving all important decisions to the event which marks the conduct of Ministers in every crisis. Our walls are covered and our streets are strewn with reports of a speech made by the Prime Minister and published at our expense, which serves no other object than that of helping his party in an election. The Defence Force is kicking its heels under canvas, or practising at rifle ranges, at great cost to the nation, and encouraging Mr. Lloyd George's followers to regard him as the champion of England. To Ministers these are the realities of the coal crisis. But what are the realities to the nation? For the nation what matters supremely is that a settlement should be reached in the coal industry, and a settlement which would contain the promise of a lasting peace. Does anybody in his senses think that the defeat of the miners in a war of attrition is going to produce such a settlement, and that a million men who are by nature or tradition determined and high-spirited will accept defeat in such a war as a reason for whole-hearted acquiescence in the results? Ministers may be happy to leave the nation to their fate so long as they can create the political impression that they desire. This course can only mean disaster. Is there no method of averting it? Sir William Beveridge published a wise letter in the "Times" last Tuesday pointing out the confusion in which the whole question has been left, showing that the Government's offer was vague and complicated, and urging that a temporary wage settlement should be made, and an independent tribunal set up to suggest a permanent settlement. This proposal raises two points. Is a temporary wage settlement possible? Is it possible to devise some structural settlement which would be accepted and worked by the industry?

On the first of these questions Mr. Hodges makes out, we think, a good case for the actual reduction that the miners offered. An offer of 2s. a shift is, in itself, a large offer. The Government argue for a larger reduction on the ground that if miners are to be paid these wages the Government will have to pay a subsidy of thirty millions. "We have offered the miners ten millions," says Sir Robert Horne, "and I should imagine that any other industry would think that a very handsome offer." This is a misleading way of putting it. The Government have controlled this industry at the time of its prosperity, and the Government directly, and the nation indirectly, have profited by that control; for revenue has been taken from the industry, and the price to the domestic consumer has been reduced. Mr. Tawney has put it very well that the case is roughly like a case in which Excess Profits have been charged and some refunding is necessary. In any case the nation will pay much more than this subsidy if the lock-out goes on, and if it ends in a settlement that is not accepted by the men. The miners' offer means that they will go back to their 1914 conditions. If the cost of living falls the subsidy will diminish, and sooner or later the industry will be able to pay its way without subsidy. Does anybody think that the nation would have been a loser by such a settlement if it had been made at the beginning of this dispute?

When will the industry be able to pay its way, and how? This brings us to the second question. The industry needs reform, and not merely an access of commercial good fortune. How is it to be reformed? The miners proposed that the industry should be nationalized,

and that in this way the present wasteful methods should be eliminated. The Government turned that policy down, though it received the powerful support of Mr. Justice Sankey. At the beginning of the present dispute the miners proposed a national pool. That is also rejected by the Government. Yet it is clear that if the industry is still to be conducted as a collection of so many hundreds of separate undertakings, the improvements that are necessary to increase productivity will not be made. These improvements depend partly on administrative reforms, partly on the temper of the workers. The average yearly output of coal per person employed in 1920 was 193 tons; in the years 1911-1913 it was 257; in the years 1905-1910 it was 275. Obviously there is room for great improvement. These figures are a sufficient condemnation of the existing system, whatever explanation is given of them. If we assume, then, that the Government reject nationalization and reject the national pool, is there no large reform in organization that they would accept? Everything turns on this, for the efficiency of this industry is vital to us as an industrial nation, and in comparison all the topics on which the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been lecturing are of little significance.

As it happens, there is another plan, and the Government can scarcely call it "political," which means, apparently, to Sir Robert Horne revolutionary, for it was the plan for which they themselves declared after the Sankey Commission had reported. Sir Arthur Duckham recommended the amalgamation of colliery interests in the several districts, and Mr. Lloyd George said, on August 18th, 1919, that the Government would adopt this proposal. The miners were hostile because they were anxious for nationalization, and they were about to embark on a campaign for that object. But is there not something to be said for reviving the proposal in some form in order to provide both for improvements in the industry and also for the more equitable method of dealing with wages for which the Miners' Federation have been pleading? Such a scheme might be adopted to secure not merely a common wage in a district, but also a levelling up of districts. There would be a standard wage for each district, and it might be provided that if a particular district earned specially high profits a grant should be made to districts that were poorer because their geographical conditions were unfavorable or their markets were depressed. It seems to us that the possibilities of such a plan should be explored, and that peace might be made on the understanding that the miners' offer of a reduction of 2s. per shift should be accepted. A Committee or Commission, such as Sir William Beveridge suggests, should then be set up to report on the general scheme of reform.

This plan does not give the miners what they asked, but it yields them certain important advantages. It does not give the coalowners what they asked, though it is fair to remember that their later attitude is not one of mere resistance to reform, and that they are willing to publish profits and to bring them into relation with wages. But the parties are still far apart. Is the whole nation to suffer disastrous, and perhaps fatal, loss and strain while their appalling conflict goes on? Some mine-owners may think that a war of attrition will bring them the kind of peace in which they can do what they like, but the wiser heads among them know that this is an illusion. The nation is in great danger, and some way has to be found to extricate it. What it wants is, not merely an outward peace, but a plan by which the industry can live and develop its power. Surely we are not so bankrupt in statesmanship and accommodation that we cannot devise one.

THE NEW ALSACE-LORRAINE.

THE martial and theatrical "celebrations of liberation," the upheaval of heavy Hohenzollern statuary, the alteration of street-names, and other obvious concomitants of the change of ownership in Alsace-Lorraine are now activities of the past. To Francophile and Germanophile alike French rule in the thirty months since November, 1918, has altogether ceased to be a novelty, and has become instead a subject for searching criticism. Facts, not sentiment, are the order of the day in Alsace-Lorraine now. Do these facts justify the belief that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is still acute enough to empoison the restoration of European concord?

It is not difficult to get either the typical French or German attitude to the question of Alsace-Lorraine. For the former, one has only to stroll to the Place de la Concorde in Paris, seek out the statue of Strasbourg, now freed of its mourning weeds of half a century, and read the tablet which has been sunk into the pedestal—"Délivrance de Strasbourg, 22 Novembre, 1918." Similarly, if in Berlin, one can enter any bookshop and for a few marks buy a copy of the popular "Was Wir Verloren Haben," in the preface to which Von Hindenburg announces that "Was Deutsch war, muss wieder Deutsch werden." Days of conversation with representative French or Germans will only expand the difference of viewpoint thus exemplified. From the French point of view the provinces have been "liberated." From the German they have been "lost." There is a world of comment on the psychology of the two nations in these attitudes—but neither is instructive in telling what the Alsatians and Lorrainers themselves are thinking.

Not many weeks ago an article appeared in a New York paper in which a correspondent remarked that Alsace-Lorraine is "seething with grievances" against French rule. No statement could bring a more misleading impression to the mind. An uninquisitive traveller, speaking both French and German, could easily go from one end of the provinces to the other, talk with scores of natives, and receive no intimation of dangerous political unrest or of French oppression. The frontier that was has ceased to exist, and one crosses it where and how one will—there are, for instance, none of the police restrictions met in travelling from Prussia to Bavaria. In the village inns of Upper Alsace the guest registers are still those provided by the German police a generation ago, and after writing name, nationality, business, and age, the traveller goes his way anywhere in Alsace-Lorraine without show of passport or further formality of surveillance.

Discontent with French rule there certainly is, in amounts sufficient to give active concern to the French Government, and industrial workers, town *bourgeoisie*, and peasants alike will voice its various phases freely if asked for their opinions. But rancor toward and hatred of French dominion is relatively small, and what there is seems to be decreasing. On the other hand, judging by the comments of native Alsatians, the famous cartoons and writing of "Hansi" (J. J. Waltz), depicting Alsace groaning under German yoke in pre-war days, are just as misleading. For the great majority of Alsace-Lorrainers life under the Germans seems to have been happy, contented, and prosperous. For the great majority it is now happy and contented under France, and that the old prosperity is still patently lacking is one of the chief causes of active Germanophile sentiment in Alsace-Lorraine to-day. Ninety per cent. of the native population are indifferent, even a little cynical, about the political subjection of their country. "I was German," said a mill hand of Upper Alsace to me, "all right. Now I am French, all right again. That con-

cerns me only as it affects my business, which is to keep a home for my wife and children." Or, as I overheard a waitress in Metz observe, "I am an internationalist because I am poor. I have seen enough in Lorraine to know that the pocket-book determines nationality." The average Alsatian or Lorrainer, in other words, is very far from being a patriot for either Imperial France or Imperial Germany.

The briefest consideration of the history of the provinces will show the reason. For centuries they have been fought over, worked over, wandered over, by both Gaul and Teuton. For a majority of the known period of history the provinces have been under Germanic control, with the result that in Alsace strongly, Lorraine less markedly, the language, appearance, customs of the people are German rather than French. They are German, however, only in the old *kleinstädtisch*, un-national sense. Berlin is to the average Alsatian a city quite as foreign and far away as Rome or London, and Paris also is an alien city, for between Alsatian and Frenchman there are striking differences. The natives of these provinces are of both nations and of neither, and yet they are without distinctive nationality of their own, a consideration to be kept in mind in considering the dormant agitation for an independent Republic of Alsace-Lorraine. On the whole, it is small wonder that they are receptive to either French or German rule, only asking the mysteries of European statecraft to vouchsafe them government which is stable and conducive to a life of quiet, unambitious industry.

Because of the distinct characteristics of the people and the manifest difficulties in displacing the effects of almost half a century of German rule, there was at first a very lively sentiment for giving the provinces at least administrative autonomy. By many—probably a majority—of the inhabitants this solution seems to have been regarded almost as a matter of course. But the theory of self-determination does not carry much weight in France, and that of Federalism is not one which appeals to the Latin mind. Since the Armistice autonomy has been definitely rejected for a policy of as complete economic, commercial, and political fusion as the facts will allow. Such factors as a railway system aligned to Germany, German law, German methods of taxation, temporarily intervene. It is French policy, as outlined to me at the Commissariat général in Strasbourg, to do away with the German traditions and methods gradually; to "introduce Alsace-Lorraine progressively into the French body politic"—to change the costume (as the phrase was used) in stages. "First the coat, then the trousers, then the shoes."

Naturally thirty months of French rule have not been enough to see anything like complete assimilation, and in law and administration there are to-day striking anomalies to be found between the provinces and the rest of France. In some instances German law still prevails, and conflicts with French codes and procedure have been instrumental in producing confusion, and often great inconvenience both to the French and to the natives. Serious economic difficulty, again, has been caused by railways which still remain a limb of the Imperial State system of Germany, rudely torn away from the parent body and not yet properly grafted on to France. The arterial blood of modern transport runs thinly through the railways of Alsace-Lorraine to-day—their equipment and rolling-stock is still almost entirely German—and the problem of railway amalgamation remains one which may be met by permanent State ownership. Many other results of the change in allegiance are the cause of more or less popular discontent. Teachers and public officials under the German administration, for instance, received

salaries and worked under conditions which Frenchmen admit were *plus moderne* than their own. These salaries and conditions of life are now being scaled down to comply with the lower French standard. Inevitably those who feel the pinch are no longer great enthusiasts for "liberation," and it is only natural that in their minds they draw the unfair parallel between pre-war Germany and post-war France.

French officials are not by any means blind to the problems which beset them, but they believe that the passage of time will iron out all "legitimate grievances." The present, they explain, is the inevitable "period of transition"; much has already been done to Gallicize the provinces, and the claim goes that "in two more years there will be no more Alsace-Lorraine." Geographically, of course, this is true already. Alsace is divided into the two departments of Haut Rhin (capital Colmar) and Bas Rhin (capital Strasbourg), while German Lorraine has again become the Department of Moselle. In each Department is firmly established the system of préfet and sous-préfet, district, municipal and local councils—accomplished the more easily because Germany, in its turn, had preserved much of the framework of French administration prior to 1870. Local government, elections, public services, policing, conscription, commerce, banking, education, and labor organization are all carried on much as in France proper, and uniform French law is being gradually introduced. Nevertheless, assimilation is far from complete. Much of the work of administration is still subject to the autocratic office of the Commissioner at Strasbourg, who has around him a staff of extraordinary, if temporary, power known as the "Commissariat général." It is not apparent that the powers of the Commissariat général have of late been abused to any discreditable extent, but the people chafe at the continuation of this arbitrary force. When the Commissariat général gives place to ordinary civil government one strong argument of discontent will be eliminated.

FELIX MORLEY.

(To be continued.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

A FRIEND straying through that wonderful piece of ironic history, Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* series, sends me a quotation which shows incidentally how far the little Napoleons of our day have outdone the man who, sixty years ago, seemed to most Radicals to incarnate the reactionary force in Government. The story Zola tells is of the arrest of a small batch of Republicans by Rougon (Rouher), the Minister of the Interior, one of whom (only one, if you please) being ill, had died on arrest. There is a great noise in Republican France and the cynical Napoleon is alarmed, and sends for Rouher to talk it over. Then comes the following soliloquy:

"Asseyez-vous, monsieur Rougon, asseyez-vous," dit l'empereur, avec bonhomie.

Puis, s'asseyant lui-même, il continua :

"On me bat les oreilles d'une foule d'affaires. J'aime mieux en causer avec vous. . . . Qu'est-ce donc que ce notaire qui est mort à Niort à la suite d'une arrestation? un monsieur Martineau, je crois?"

Rougon donna tranquillement des détails. Ce Martineau était un homme très-compromis, un républicain dont l'influence dans le département pouvait offrir de grands dangers. On l'avait arrêté. Il était mort.

"*Oui, justement, il est mort, c'est cela qui est fâcheux,*" reprit le souverain. "Les journaux hostiles se sont emparés de l'événement, ils le racontent d'une façon mystérieuse, avec des réticences d'un effet déplorable. . . . Je suis très-chagrin de tout cela, monsieur Rougon."—EMILE ZOLA: "*Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*," chapter xi.

Substitute Lloyd George for Napoleon, and add the fact that not a single Irish official has, as far as one knows, been hauled over the coals for one of the innumerable acts of lawless violence and cruelty for which the Irish Government is responsible. When Mr. George discusses these trifling excesses of his Irish lambs in public, he does not even profess to be *très chagrin* over them. Why should he care much when the public cares so little?

YET it seems over-cynical, over-audacious, to show a face of such effrontery to a licence whose report flies all over the civilized world, poisoning the air for England. "On fâche tout le monde avec ces bêtises," says Louis Napoleon in the chapter I have quoted from. "Welcome to the city of the Bombas," was the pleasant greeting an Italian statesman gave the other day to a well-known Englishman alighting at Naples. Indeed, the truth about the Irish terror (and maybe a little over the truth) is known in Italy, as it is known in America, while half England remains ignorant or indifferent to its power of penetration. Look at the United States. The New York "Nation" is now advertising a series of articles entitled "No War with England." An Englishman lately walking along Broadway found the "No" had been torn away. Pursuing the theme, he was informed by a Senator (non-Irish) that the alternatives were war at some unstated moment or war six weeks hence. I believe that to be a false antithesis. At the same time I declare myself unable to give my readers an adequate idea of the passion of reprobation which the Irish policy excites in the United States, or of the ludicrous and humiliating failure of our various official attempts to allay or mitigate it. I say that a country so continually and so fiercely denounced is in danger. And I add that it is useless to meet this danger by any other course than changing its policy.

Now, indeed, the talk is of conciliation. Government agents in Ireland have tried murder, arson, executions, pillage, *en gros et en détail*, the killing of prisoners or their torture while under arrest. These methods happen to have failed. The Irish are not terrorized. But the world is horrified. To many Englishmen the Ireland created by Messrs. George and Greenwood is a possible and even, judging by the by-elections, a fairly popular spectacle. But it is an atrocious scandal in the eyes of the Frenchman, the Italian, the Dutchman, the Scandinavian, and above all these, the American. The Government knows this, and what does it do? Dismiss the man who concocted this system of government and defends it by falsehood? Give orders for the dismissal and disgrace of officers who either permit or encourage their men to kill or torture prisoners, and for the disbanding or the purging of the force in which these practices prevail? Unlock the prison doors and let Ireland speak for herself? Proclaim a new policy and appoint the appropriate agents? Not at all. Mr. George despatches under an alias a man of considerable social power and personal goodwill, but of small political skill, to seek a furtive interview with a Sinn Fein leader. Is Lord Derby the sixth or the sixtieth of these clandestine peace-makers? Among them were Archbishop Clune and Mr. Moylett. What is their report of the Govern-

ment and its ways? The world is diverted and intrigued. It always is, for Mr. George's rule is more like a cinema than a Government. But the horror in Ireland goes on. Let Mr. George stay that. Otherwise he will not lift the toils from England's feet, till she is deeply entangled, or maybe lost.

I suppose it was the strain of associating prayer with the "Daily Mail," or indeed with any of the major or minor operations of Fleet Street, but I confess that when I first read the Rev. Mr. Bourchier's petition at the "Daily Mail" celebration, I was a little hazy as to whether it should have been more fitly addressed to the Deity or to Lord Northcliffe. The description of the "Daily Mail" staff as the "frail creatures of Thy providence" seemed to point to Lord Northcliffe, and so did the request that they be granted a "sense" of their "interdependence," good team-work being a mundane rather than a heavenly gift, and having long been a characteristic of that lively journal. However, a following reference to "Thy servant, Alfred" (identified in a footnote—doubtless for future reference in a sphere higher even than the House of Lords—with Lord Northcliffe), and a monition to him to go on "holding ever aloft the torch of imperial faith," made Mr. Bourchier's meaning clear to me, and not less so his conception of the Deity. Doubtless Lord Northcliffe *et Deus suus* make a powerful combination. But I was wont to worship at a different shrine. In fact, I was brought up journalistically not on the "Daily Mail" but on the "Manchester Guardian."

WELL, the celebration in Manchester of the centenary of that great Lancashire paper was not illuminated by prayer. But I should imagine that within the last few days there has gone up from many hearts a warm, spontaneous tribute of human thanks to its editor and his staff. In acknowledging the brilliant expression of it given at Tuesday night's banquet at the Midland Hotel, I heard Mr. Scott, youngest of veterans, speak with his accustomed modesty of the "newspaper he had the honor to serve." There are many masters of this world of ours; but I have not observed an overwhelming competition in the more Christian art of service. But as the Pope does not disdain the title of *servus servorum Dei*, so when the accounts are made up, I should not, if I were Mr. Scott, be ashamed to say that I had accomplished a stewardship such as his. Is there a more mind and soul destroying business than journalism? Unless it be the pulpit, I do not know it. Then what a triumph for the director of a newspaper to have held such a calm, steady light over the dark tumult of our times! What a feat to have approved oneself equally devoted to truth and to toleration! What a lesson has the "Guardian" given in the higher arts of government, and the healing power of culture! What a fortification to those who hope that skill and intellect may come to serve democracy, as they have served so many less broadly based schemes of managing men's affairs! I hope that Mr. Scott enjoyed the kind things that have been said of him this week. But it is inevitable that some of the most heartfelt thanks should have been left unspoken.

I BELIEVE that a strong representation of the impolicy of the occupation of the Ruhr as a means of extorting the German indemnity was made to the Prime Minister on behalf of the principal banks of the country. In fact, City opinion may fairly be described as unanimously hostile.

I IMAGINE the industrial situation here, though not definitely improved, is mending. At least it is taking a new direction. In nearly every instance State intervention has been a failure. Mr. George and Sir Robert Horne have been too obviously political, and neither seems able to get into shrewd or sympathetic contact with the workmen's case. But that is not the only reason why the workmen are turning away from the State. While Capital is becoming more conciliatory, the type of official whom the trade unionist leaders have been accustomed to meet of late has been very ineffective. He does not know enough, and his technical errors and deficiencies irritate men who know their business in detail, and are bored with mere generalities on it, or with amateurish plans and suggestions. On the one hand, the work of State mediation has never been regularized. On the other, industry has had enough of the crank and the light-of-hand politician. Compromise, therefore, is in the air, and compromise built on a series of deals round tables, conducted by experts, each knowing the mind of the other.

THE Plumage Bill has once more entered the gloomy defiles of Committee, threatened with murder at every step. What are its chances? I am told that members are now thoroughly alive to the methods of the opposition (which can never muster more than six votes); that they display great impatience and even anger at the disingenuous nonsense (filled out with infinite interjections and powers to waste time) talked by Lt.-Col. Archer Shee, Mr. Denniss, Mr. Kiley, and Mr. Williams, and that they are anxious to pass the Bill through for the salvation, not so much of the rest of the birds, as of what is left of Parliamentary credit. And so, in spite of the hundreds of trade amendments, it is not credible that the Bill should once more be drowned in a spate of words.

I UNDERSTAND that the proposal made to Mr. Gardiner to write for the "Sunday Express," has finally been declined by him.

MISS F. M. BUTLIN sends me the following sonnet with the title "The Medieval Universe":—
The poet Dante thought the earth stood still—
Hell in its depths, and, rising from its face,
That silent Mount whereon of time a space
Souls tarried, while their sins were cleansed, until,
Freed from that weight, their purpose to fulfil,
They upward shot toward the Source of Love.
Man's knowledge of the earth—within, above—
Reflected then his knowledge of God's will.
But now the earth has moved. Its motion free
Shook those great Spirit Words. As by a storm
The Medieval Universe lies riven.
Still, as new knowledge grows, men yet shall see
The moving earth, revolving, in its form
Reflect God's will in Hell and Mount and Heaven.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CONQUEROR.

"On the fourth of May the tempest of the dying Cromwell arose," wrote Chateaubriand (a royalist and a life-long opponent of Napoleon); "almost all the trees at Longwood were overthrown. At last, on the fifth, at eleven minutes to six in the evening, in the midst of winds, rain, and the battle of the waves, Bonaparte surrendered to God the mightiest breath of life that ever

animated mortal clay. . . . The magnitude of the silence which weighs on him reveals the immensity of the sound that used to surround him. *Imposuerunt omnes sibi diademata post mortem ejus . . . et multiplicantur sunt mala in terra.*" One hundred years afterwards men are still estimating the effect on human progress and human happiness of that "mightiest breath of life." Did its brief career make for those elements in life which combine to form a world more just, more gentle, more humane? To some students of history, notably to Mr. H. G. Wells in his recent world record, this Corsican, half gentleman, half brigand, appears but as a trivial interrupter of human affairs. Tolstoy has developed the same view, in one of the greatest books ever written. In the narrow British tradition, from Sir Walter Scott downwards through the bogies of childhood, he appears merely consumed with hatred of England and the desire for its destruction. To Carlyle he is the proclaimer of a new gospel; the opening of the appropriate career to the talents. To the earlier Beethoven he is the inspirer of great music. Heine, the picturesque, sees him marching down the avenue of the kings at Düsseldorf with the message on his face, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." To most of the poetic writers of his age he is the revealer and the remover of evil, turning over stones and letting in the light, while every kind of unclean creature scurries away. He makes a great, new, free Republic in Italy, and another in South Germany. He tears up the conventions and iniquities of centuries, proclaiming that man is young and man is free. "What, alive and so bold, oh earth!" was Shelley's exclamation on hearing what had happened in the tempest at Saint Helena, which Chateaubriand has described in immortal prose, "and canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?"

History has oscillated between two views of him, and will oscillate until the end of time. He is said to have destroyed the Revolution (he certainly coarsened its ideals), and brought about the ruin of the Jacobins with the "whiff of grape-shot." But had there been any life still left in Jacobinism, no firing down the narrow alley that led to the church of Saint Roch could have destroyed that mighty mechanism. And the testimony for the New Constitution on the Return from Egypt is overwhelming. Not only by a *plébiscite* of 100 to 1, but by all the contemporary documents now published, we know that what the country desired was the rule of Napoleon. It was the Revolution rather than he that gave the land to the peasants. But the Code Napoléon was his in something more than the name. As the soldier of the Revolution, he swept away a moth-eaten world, which returned when he was safe in his island prison. The military court which he gathered around him was not made up of archdukes and regents and sons of princes, and rulers of petty States and territories. One was the son of an innkeeper, one the son of a peasant, others had been gathered from shopkeepers and what we should now call the lower middle-class—an army of *roturiers*, as the Viennese ladies complained. But they and their men marched through Europe and outside it, overthrowing archdukes and principalities, with success as their sole witness of achievement and their only goal. "The thing is," wrote Napoleon to Jerome in his attempt to govern Westphalia, "to seek out ability wherever it can be found." Such a system was certainly not a fulfilment of the hopes of the Revolution. But at least it carried with it something novel and desirable in human affairs.

To the people of his own land, as to Europe, he appeared partly as a liberator and a guarantor of tolerable existence, partly, and in the end, as an enemy of their humble life. Finally he passed into a kind of

mystic apotheosis, and it was in the peasant homes that the Napoleonic legend was kept alive:—

" Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui, qu'un pape a couronné
Est mort dans une île déserte.
Longtemps aucun ne l'a cru;
On disait: Il va paraître.
Par mer il est accouru,
L'étranger va voir sa maître.
Quand d'erreur on nous tira
Ma douleur fut bien amère."

The later researches into Napoleon's life have abundantly exposed the clay in his character. He was a coarse, common man. His commonness was, indeed, his strength. He came from the mass, a mighty example of the virile force of the great middle class. Therefore, with all his defects, he was easily greater than the systems he overthrew. Prussia, Russia, Austria, and Britain united, finally brought him to the ground, destroying the liberation of South Germany, and of Italy, and of Poland, and the possible liberation of Ireland, and thinking themselves secure, "Napoleon being dead." But the systems which ensured his destruction lacked the seed of life, and have vanished in their turn. The essentials of the Napoleonic system in France remain to-day, and outside France, wherever his armies triumphed, modern Europe arose. "All the languages of the world," says Kielland, "have used their strongest adjectives at the top and bottom of the scale with regard to this man. Many writers have even speculated as to what a remarkable animal the tiger would have been—if he had also had the qualities of the lamb." "Nothing is perfect," he adds, "this side of Eternity. For my part, I am glad I need not run my adjectives, either the worst or the best, to death. For me Napoleon is above all things a man." Certainly he was a man, widely different from the "pinchbeck Napoleons" who, in later times, built themselves on his genius. His capacity for taking pains about the smallest things made him the greatest master of detail the world has ever seen, and formed an unequalled mental instrument for raising the efficiency of government. The foolish British Ministry of his day, with the princes, as Shelley described them, "the dregs of their dull race," honestly believed, in so far as they believed anything, that Napoleon would be forgotten before he died; and that the world would continue as if he had never been. Their pious wish was not fulfilled. Napoleon lives in this world of ours, for good and for evil. He showed how high one firm will can climb on the path to power, and what an abject thing, to use Byron's epithet, the climber could become. He destroyed some old, noxious things, and succumbed himself to the enfeeblement of a single body and mind, unfit to move the mass of men quicker and further than they would go. Napoleon was far from the ideal type of human goodness, and he was not great enough for his work and for the glittering reward he assigned himself and lost. A few short years, and God and the world had tired of an impossible egoist.

THE ARTIST AT THE ACADEMY.

THE reason for the choler which has always caused writers to treat the exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts as a standing joke, like the Albert Memorial, is a mystery. Perhaps writers and critics turn desperate at the thought that so many nice ladies will never be seen in rapture before their works—"God's Acre—Eventide," or "Little Girl Blue," or "Portrait in

Black and Gold (the Honorable Aurelia Ramsbotham)." It is lucky for the writers that it is not so easy for the painters to show what they think of contemporary literature. Let us suppose they could do it—but it is a shocking supposition that Sir William Orpen, we will say, should reveal a writer of powerful editorials with his war exemption certificate in his hand, in the act of imitating a terrific thunderstorm. We are glad that the art of painting gives its practitioners few opportunities to demonstrate that the writings in the popular reviews and newspapers are below the artistic level of an average whisky advertisement.

The committee which selects the pictures for the Academy Exhibition ought to have the sympathy of every journalist who has ever had to shape an interesting periodical out of a mass of raw material in manuscript. It is a task which looks so easy. Is it any more than recognizing the best at sight, and accepting it? Yet in fact it is pure luck that a praiseworthy assembly is ever made. To suppose the Academy rooms could be filled with excellent pictures, and to complain that so few are there, is as foolish as the notion that a periodical keeps out great poetry and first-rate short stories solely because of the ignorance and obstinacy of its editor. If by a miracle he were transformed from the ignoramus the people who dislike his paper judge him to be, and took on the nature and likeness of Apollo, the common level of the art submitted for his choice would soon make him regret that he was bound to sustain something more than the reputation of Bacchus.

Besides, is it not remarkable that for one hundred and fifty years society has, with all its bright counter attractions, thought it worth while to give a glance once a year to art? Hope is unextinguished. The Court, the Derby, Parliament, the Income Tax, and Monte Carlo, have not quite succeeded in unhitching us from our star. We may not yet give that consideration to Art, that intensity of concentration and clarity of definition, which we can fix upon archdeacons when they happen to be in trouble. Nevertheless, there Art is, and we admit it, and that it has some kind of message for us is evident in the eager search by so many Press critics for a problem picture at the Academy, and the lively anxiety to name correctly all the personalities in those official groups of portraits which are so large that it is impossible to ignore them.

One important Press critic regrets the waste represented by the area of canvas at the Academy which has been covered with good paint. He thinks the time and labor might have been better employed. But on what? It could be as reasonably argued that their industry may have kept many of the artists out of mischief. There is no doubt it is better to paint an indifferent picture for fun than to be tense and grave while industriously dishing the innocent from either Newmarket Heath or Downing Street. We ought to get our values right. As to waste, it has been pointed out that industrial society compels most men to a life of quiet desperation. The tragic fate of the busiest men is that it is they who waste most time on affairs of ephemeral interest. All things considered, it is better service to the community to paint inferior pictures for it than to be one of its chief promoters of well-designed company or political undertakings, for less harm is done; though it is certainly not useful, like painting and decorating fences and ships' plates, or, as we are learning, digging its coal.

And anyhow, what is a good picture—one against which at least no charge of waste can be brought? The good pictures at the Academy make the others seem very poor and unnecessary, as in some form or another every visitor admits. But then we all remember the effect of

first chancing, during a listless tour of the National Gallery, upon Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks." Even the pictures of the other great masters seem thin and childish beside the serene and dominating truth of that work of a supreme mind. It is clear, then, that if we began to worry over the unfortunate consequence of comparing what we are doing with the best that has been done, our purpose would be paralyzed, and we should at once join another category of wasters by doing simply nothing at all, like the best people.

And in spite of the exceptional critics who will never be satisfied with anything that shows little influence of the latest experimental schools of painting, especially those which paint "the thing as it is," it must be said that the half-dozen pictures which introduce a visitor to this year's work at the Academy, though they give him no strange vision of beauty to remember, no unexpected revelation of the truth (and what fools we should be to imagine these are to be got except by rare luck!), at least impress him, in a world made hideous with man's gross incompetence of every kind, with their easy competence. We must confess they are more to the purpose than most of the literary stuff. They say what they know directly, pleasantly, briefly, and with sufficient feeling for their subjects.

The same may be said of most of the exhibits: and that really is the worst of it. So many such simple messages, however pleasantly rendered, merge, in half-an-hour, into a drowsy, chromatic, and meaningless haze. One hungers for something with mind and force in it, as though one had wandered on a fine day into the maze of the vicar's garden party, where all is very cheerful, and the parish is well represented by its nicest residents. It is then that one suddenly and shamefully sympathizes with the vulgar sailor who expresses a desire to restore the percentage with some gin and bitter.

It is that monotony of average competence which makes Orpen's portraits stand out so remarkably. Literally, his portraits shine through what has so soon become a vague and listless tinted mist, and draw one with sudden energy across the room. Orpen is, of course, a master of his craft. But more than that, he knows what to do with it. His critical mind being at work, he cannot disguise what he thinks of his sitters, and there they are for us. We remember what he made of the great soldiers he painted during the war, and how they compared with his Tommies. And it seems that, when all the great statesmen were around him while peace was being made in Paris, what impressed him most was the character and ability of the chef at his hotel. No. 115, "Le Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham," is a picture which was evidently a joy for the artist to paint. He had got a hero to work upon at last. We invite a comparison with it of the same artist's perfunctory and brutal treatment of M. Clemenceau, now to be seen at the International Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

The "Interior of a Barn," by Mr. George Clausen, and "The Water Lane," by Mr. Walter Bayes, are pictures which a visitor will recall, in the midst of the indeterminate haze, and to which he will return. So is Mr. Henry Lamb's large canvas, "R.A.M.C. Men with Wounded at a Dressing Station on the Struma, 1916." This is a picture of war with a background and surroundings so like the everlasting afternoon of the land of the immortals that a cynic is inclined to ask at first whether it represents a slight accident in Paradise. The soldiers in it are certainly the rough and good-hearted men one knew—they are instantly recognized individually. One could name them, and recall their traits. Yet, by the transmutation of reminiscent art, they are remote, the ghosts of those men we knew, shadowy in the familiar

attitudes of their old life. They have been translated in beauty from this world of sin, so that the figure on the stretcher, and the weary man with his head in his hands, are seen but indifferently, as of no particular significance.

The most memorable picture for us at this year's Academy is Mr. Vivian Forbes's "River Bank." When casually glimpsed from a distance, before it can be really seen, its light and character are attractive. Its title does not describe it. Under the dark strata of a cedar's foliage, by a river bank which is in the radiance of the happy land, a crowd of boys are bathing, or are at play. The vague women sitting by the column of the cedar, which might be Yggdrasil, could be the Norns. But the children, indifferent to the shadows of existence, and without knowledge of the fates, are a spontaneous up-welling of life. It is certainly true that the Academy has made itself an easy mark for jesters, but when in the routine of an academic body there comes automatically an opportunity to show us that work of such a nature is being done in the wilderness of our mistakes and failures, then faith is fortified, and the Academy is neither tiring nor merely amusing.

The sculpture could be, as it often is, left without remark, but the two exhibits by Mr. C. S. Jagger imperatively demand attention. We prefer his model of a figure for a Manchester war memorial. We think Mr. Jagger has worked a wonder with his subject, an infantryman of the winter of 1916-17, as that soldier was when nobody ever saw him except his pals. The artist has accepted him with a common ground sheet over his shoulder, his legs swathed in sacking, his gas mask at the alert, wearing his tin hat, and standing at ease with his rifle. He has made of that a really noble figure, sinister only because of the dread memory it recalls.

A WORD ON "A.E."

GEORGE RUSSELL, equally well known as "A.E.," occupies during these years of the Terror in Ireland much the same kind of position that Tolstoy held in Russia during the last fifteen years of the Tsardom's tyranny. He belongs to no party; he is not a leader of revolt; he has no political following. Sir Hamar Greenwood, it is true, described him last autumn in the British House of Commons as a dangerous extremist. But, then, Sir Hamar Greenwood (as a prominent member of his own party said in reference to that description) knows nothing about Ireland. To those who do know something, the wonder is that such a man as "A.E." is not regarded with dislike and suspicion by extremists of every party, just because he is so far removed from all extremes, except the extremes of passionate love for his country and persistent reasonableness about it. Yet as Tolstoy was honored and beloved by all true Russians, so there is no true Irishman who does not think of "A.E." with honor and affection.

It seems difficult for English people to realize how strong is his hold. At the time of the Larkin strike in Dublin, though he is shy of public speaking, he made by far the greatest speech at a meeting in the Albert Hall; but, if we remember right, not a single English paper even mentioned his name. All the reporters and editors appeared to be then as ignorant as Sir Hamar Greenwood. Very likely they had never heard of the poet, visionary painter, visionary thinker, and practical economist, who has created lyrics in the finest Anglo-Irish verse, illuminated walls with scenes from Irish fairyland and the depths of Irish reality, striven to

devise the noblest lines for Irish nationality to follow, and for many years helped to restore the prosperity of Irish peasants by the scheme of Co-operation which scattered creameries and farming centres throughout the country, and, in spite of all losses, has hitherto survived arson by the English Government and its band of terrorists. His life and varied energies are proof that a man of fine brain and strong vitality can accomplish almost any kind of work that he sets his heart upon. The Greeks knew that, and so do the French. The English and Germans find it hard to believe. In last week's lecture upon Shakespeare in King's College, London, John Masefield divided men's minds into those capable of energy and those capable of ecstasy. But to "A.E." belongs the joy of both. By energy he has sought to save his country; by ecstasy he continually saves himself.

In the very aspect of the man there seems room for multitudinous variety. That tall and largely moulded form, the great head with its masses of dark brown hair and tawny beard, the imperturbable bearing holding in control the sensitive and burning spirit within, those deep-set, blue-grey eyes, full of benevolence and of rage, the low Irish voice equally capable of both—all show a large and generous nature, abounding in contradictions, capable of energy and ecstasy alike. Consider his letters to the "Times" upon the misgovernment of Ireland within the last six months—their knowledge of finance and economics, their Swiftian indignation, their steady reasonableness. Lately, when shame at our Government's action in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Tralee, and country districts was overwhelming the mind of many Englishmen, "A.E." said quietly to the present writer, "In every human being there is something to which justice and righteousness can make appeal. You have only to find it." What hopefulness, what tolerance and light were shown by the mere suggestion of such a search at such a time! And yet what savage rage one may discover in this Ulsterman; as in his open letter to the poet who could write of Ulster as Mr. Kipling wrote in 1912!—

"I set my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits like any brawling bully who passes, and only takes sides to use his strength. . . You had the ear of the world, and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song, and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at justice, and heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is but a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme. Truly ought the golden spurs to be hacked from your heels and you be thrust out of the Court."

In such a nature there is plenty of room for contradictions; but, after all, the greatest contradiction lies in that division of the soul which seeks the satisfaction of energy and ecstasy in turn or together. At this he hints in the Preface to the new and enlarged edition of his "Imaginations and Reveries" (Maunsell & Roberts):—

"My temperament would not allow me to be happy when I was working at art. My conscience would not let me have peace unless I worked with other Irishmen at the reconstruction of Irish life. Birth in Ireland gave me a bias towards Irish nationalism, while the spirit which inhabits my body told me the politics of eternity ought to be my only concern, and that all other races equally with my own were children of the Great King. To aid in movements one must be orthodox. My desire to help prompted agreement, while my intellect was always heretical."

It is a contradiction in temperament felt by all who strive for a "cause," and yet can keep the lantern of

reason alight. The history of Ireland under our domination makes the contest for the cause more violent, and the light of reason harder to retain; but it gives unity to the Irish patriot's existence, whether as artist or as worker for the healing of his country. These *Imaginations and Reveries* are, in fact, descriptions of the leading issues, spiritual and external, of Irish life during the twenty or twenty-five years that ended about 1918. We are shown once more the national value of those poets, scholars, and essayists who began to infuse a new spirit into their nation about thirty years ago—the men who rescued old Irish history and legend, the founders of the Gaelic League (now proscribed by our Government), the creators of the Irish drama, the singers of lyrics among the most beautiful in the world, and the originators of *Sinn Fein*. "A.E.'s" comments upon the various phases of this significant stir in intellect are not undiluted praise—far from it. No one could admire William Yeats more, or place his poetry higher. Yet "A.E." warns him that "no voyage to the new world, however memorable, will hold us like the voyage of Columbus," and there is danger when the glimmering waters and winds are no longer beautiful natural presences, but have become symbolic voices, preaching obscurely some doctrine of their power. Besides, there were the hosts of the poet's imitators:—

"There crowded after him a whole horde of verse-writers, who seized the most obvious symbols he used and standardized them, and in their writings one wandered about, gasping for fresh air and sunlight, for the Celtic soul seemed bound for ever by the pale lights of fairyland on the north and by the darkness of forbidden passion on the south, and on the east by the shadowiness of all things human, and on the west by everything that was infinite, without form, and void."

Nor is he less critical of the strong reaction which arose among the young Irish writers against this shadowy, symbolic school of spirits:—

"We have developed a new and clever school of Irish dramatists who say they are holding up the mirror to Irish peasant nature, but they reflect nothing but decadence. They delight in the broken lights of insanity, the ruffian who beats his wife, the weakling who is unfortunate in love and goes and drinks himself to death, while the little decaying country towns are seized on with avidity and exhibited on the stage in every kind of decay and human futility and meanness. Well, it is good to be chastened in spirit, but it is a thousand times better to be invigorated in spirit."

Even Holy Ireland herself does not escape his criticism. Old novelists and dramatists have led us to regard her people as singularly affectionate, singularly religious, and at the same time gay. But in a poignant little essay called "Religion and Love," "A.E." shows us the Irish girl who, without repining, follows her four-legged dowry to the house of a man she may never have spoken twenty words to before her marriage. "We praise our women for their virtue, but the general acceptance of the marriage as arranged shows so unemotional, so undesirable, a temperament, that it is not to be wondered at. One wonders was there temptation." Further on, he says: "It is a curious thing that while we commonly regard ourselves as the most religious people in Europe, the reverse is probably true." And again, "Dante had a place in his *Inferno* for the joyless souls, and if his conception be true the population of that circle will be largely modern Irish."

Well, that was written seventeen years ago, and we English have not done much since then to increase the joy of the Irish people. In the later essays, "A.E." recognizes to the full the new Irish spirit as revealed in sacrifice of life and all to the spiritual ideal of the country's separate and different soul. "I hate," says this editor of the "Irish Homestead," and energetic

organizer of agricultural co-operation—"I hate to hear of stagnant societies who think because they have made better well that they have crowned their parochial generation with a halo of glory." Not in such comfortable accomplishment is the true spirit of Ireland to be perceived. In "The New Nation," he writes that, though he often heard the young leaders speak of their aims, he had listened with the half-cynical feeling customary when men advocate a cause with which the hearer is temperamentally sympathetic, but about whose realization he is hopeless:—

"I could not gauge the strength of the new spirit, for words do not by themselves convey the quality of power in men; and even when the reverberations from Easter Week were echoing everywhere in Ireland, for a time, I, and many others, thought and felt about those who died as some pagan concourse in ancient Italy might have felt looking down upon an arena, seeing below a foam of glorious faces turned to them, the noble, undismayed, inflexible faces of martyrs, and without understanding, have realized that this spirit was stronger than death."

For, as he writes elsewhere, the end of life is not comfort, but divine being, and we suppose that ought to be true of other countries also.

Communications.

THE WAKEFORD CASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It is wise to avoid those two most misleading phrases, "the weight of the evidence" and "the benefit of the doubt," both of them quite inapt in a quasi-criminal case. If, after the "evidence" has been duly "weighed," a solid residuum of "doubt" remains unsolved, an accused person is entitled to his acquittal as a matter of simple justice, not as a "benefit." We sometimes hear that the Scottish verdict of "Not proven" provides a sort of *tertium quid* for jurors halting between "Guilty" and "Not guilty." The old Scottish verdict was that the charge was either "Proven" or "Not proven." The English forms, "Guilty" and "Not guilty," are commonly now used in Scotland, but the old form "Not proven" survives, and is often used when the jurors have had some difficulty in coming to a verdict of acquittal. The legal effect of the two forms is identical. And, as Mr. Justice Darling has recently stated from the bench, "Not guilty" (in England) merely means "Not proven." In other words, wherever a Scottish jury may find "Not proven," an English jury *must* find "Not guilty."

The real question of public importance on which so many minds are not unreasonably exercised is this: Was there not, after a nice balancing of the whole evidence adduced on both sides, such an element of doubt remaining that the guilt of the accused cannot be said to have been conclusively proved? If this were so, then, by the law of England, the accused was entitled to acquittal as of right.

And that this principle is applicable to the case of an ecclesiastical offence, so far as the establishment of guilt goes, is clear from the language of the Board in the masterly and brilliant report read by the Lord Chancellor. "He [the appellant] is entitled that such an offence shall be proved against him as clearly as if he were the subject of a prosecution before an ordinary criminal court, and he is to be convicted, if at all, not on grounds of suspicion, however strong, not by reason of the peril to the Church of an acquittal on doubtful evidence, but only upon such proof as, if the charge were of an offence against the criminal law, would require a verdict of guilty." Nothing could be more aptly or lucidly put. The passage rules out in terms a conviction based on strong suspicion as a matter of Church policy. Such a consideration can have no rightful place in the determination of the issue. It is only if and when the

issue has been justly determined adversely to the accused that the question of Church policy can enter in at all.

Your speculation as to the unanimity of the lay judges, and the expressed concurrence of the Bishops who sat as assessors, raises some interesting questions, and revives an "old, unhappy, far-off" controversy. It would have been impossible to find four appellate judges of higher calibre than the Lord Chancellor, Lords Buckmaster, Dunedin, and Shaw. And it would have been equally impossible (if I may say so without impertinence) for any body of judges to give more close, careful, and patient attention to the evidence and the arguments during the seven days' hearing than they did. But it is surely not inconsistent with the most profound respect for these learned lords to point out that, with the sole exception of Lord Dunedin, not one of them had ever sat as a judge of first instance. The Lord Chancellor's experience in the Divorce Division began after the hearing had closed. Lord Dunedin, no doubt, occasionally presided at criminal trials as Lord Justice-General of Scotland, where the law and procedure differ entirely from ours. To not one of them had it ever fallen to direct a jury of twelve as to the grounds on which, by the law of England, a unanimous verdict in a criminal case must proceed.

I think it follows as an inference from the concluding expression of satisfaction that "the views which they [their lordships] entertain are shared by the right reverend prelates," that the members of the Judicial Committee were unanimous. (One shudders to think of an equal division or even of a majority vote). In principle this implied expression of unanimity is a real gain. It tends to rule out judgments based, however unconsciously to the minds of the judges themselves, upon considerations of policy rather than law. The Bishops, four in number, who sat as ecclesiastical assessors under the Appellate Jurisdiction Act, 1876, were assessors in the strict sense, not quasi-jurymen as are the so-called "assessors" under the Clergy Discipline Act, 1892. Their concurrence was not necessary, and the submitting of the terms of the Report to them before delivery was (in such a case) a mere courteous compliment. In a case involving Church doctrine or ritual, advice would doubtless be sought from the episcopal assessors, but their advice would not be binding upon the Judicial Committee. Your contemporary the "Spectator," after extolling the merits of a Trial at Bar, tells us that "although the proceedings before the Judicial Committee were not exactly a Trial at Bar, they had nearly all the merits of that method and some of their own." Is the "Spectator" aware that a Trial at Bar is a trial by jury before three or more judges of the King's Bench, each judge being entitled to give his separate direction to the jury? After this, we are not surprised to be gravely told: "There is, we believe, no other instance of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sitting with Bishops as assessors." Will the "Spectator" tell us of a single ecclesiastical appeal since 1876 in which the Judicial Committee has sat without at least three Bishops as assessors? So much for the value of the "Spectator's" views.

Both sides refused to embark upon the uncharted sea by examining the Reverend Charles Thomas Moore, J.P., and his "sleuth-hound" (*per* Lord Buckmaster), the ex-policeman Agar. But might not their testimony have shed a light on many dark corners, and, in particular, on the activities of the police, as yet only half-explained, and forming such a disquieting feature in the whole case?

One word more. The Report of the Judicial Committee occupied an hour and forty minutes in delivery. Had it not been for the opening sentence: "Their lordships are of opinion that this appeal fails" (words unusual at the outset of a considered judgment, inserted, no doubt, out of merciful consideration), could the bulk of the hearers have anticipated with any certainty the ultimate finding or felt its inevitability before it actually came? Treating the Report as a grave judicial charge to the grand inquest of public opinion, is there not still a doubt?—Yours, &c.,

W. D. T.
May 2nd, 1921.

Letters to the Editor.

THE WAKEFORD CASE.

SIR.—Your readers will be grateful to "A Wayfarer" for his searching analysis of the judgment and to Mr. Blunden for his informative history of the trial. Few lawyers would care to express a decisive opinion on the evidence unless they had been present in Court, though I believe the majority of lawyers thought the appeal would be allowed.

The same objection does not apply to a consideration of the judgment, which has been exposed to a considerable amount of professional criticism. I desire to draw attention to only two points in the judgment, which I submit has given rise to grave misgiving.

1. The judgment lays stress on the failure of the girl who, it is alleged, was shown round the Cathedral by the Archdeacon, to give evidence, and suggests that if her evidence had corroborated that of the Archdeacon it would have cleared an innocent man. If that be the view of the Court, surely due weight should have been given to the reasons why that evidence might not have been given. If the girl had given evidence she would have been exposed to cross-examination of a damaging character. Whatever the result might have been, her name would always have been associated with that of the Archdeacon.

The cross-examination of the Archdeacon on the Cathedral incident is illuminating. Mr. Hogg asked the Archdeacon, according to the report, whether there was time for his Cathedral companion to have bought a night-dress between the time when he saw her in the Cathedral and again outside. To a timid and modest girl the ordeal of cross-examination might have outweighed the duty of assisting a man unjustly accused. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne explained their failure to give evidence till the eleventh hour, till the case for the prosecution had actually been closed, by their unwillingness to be involved in a disagreeable case. Yet neither Mr. nor Mrs. Osborne could by any possibility have been exposed to the kind of cross-examination which would have been the fate of the Cathedral girl. And the reluctance of the Osbornes to give evidence was accepted by the Court as natural and reasonable. Again, the Cathedral girl may be dead or have left the country. In any event, it is difficult to see why the Archdeacon should be condemned for failure to produce a witness whose name is unknown to him or his advisers.

2. The theory of a conspiracy is rejected by the Court. But the evidence for the prosecution is subjected to a severe if just criticism. Neither the police, the hotel witnesses, nor Mr. Worthington escape censure, and it is admitted that much of the evidence called for the prosecution is contradicted, not by evidence for the defence, but by other evidence for the prosecution. But the most disquieting feature of the evidence for the prosecution is the incident of the pyjamas. Mrs. Pugh and (I think) two hotel servants swore to having examined the Archdeacon's room, and they state that they there found pyjamas stamped with his name and a woman's nightdress. This evidence was given at the Consistory Court and at the Privy Council, and, if accepted, was conclusive against the Archdeacon.

Yet Mr. Hogg was constrained to abandon this evidence altogether in his final speech for the prosecution in view of the evidence for the defence on this point. Invited to explain, he gave an explanation which one of their lordships frankly said they could not be expected to accept. The Court rejected the evidence of the prosecution on this point, as they could hardly fail to do. But what explanation can be given of the attitude of mind of the witnesses who gave such evidence?

The case is one of unparalleled difficulty and complexity. But those of us who are totally unacquainted with the Archdeacon, who, like myself, have never seen or heard him, have a disquieting feeling that justice has not been done. Lawyers will concur in condemnation of the summoning of episcopal assessors which is condemned by "A Wayfarer." The question, as he justly says, was solely one of fact. No point of doctrine or ritual arose, and it is difficult to see why three bishops should have been summoned to aid

the Court, or why their support of the decision should have given any satisfaction to the noble and learned lords who gave judgment.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. BARCLAY.
Macclesfield.

SIR.—I was glad to see Mr. Edmund Blunden's article in to-day's THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM. Like many other people, I followed the Wakeford case very carefully, and the verdict against the appeal was a shock both to my moral and my common sense. I cannot but think there has been a gross miscarriage of justice here. Would any ordinary jury of intelligent laymen have found the Archdeacon guilty of such madly improbable behavior, on such ludicrously conflicting evidence?

I have never seen Archdeacon Wakeford, or any of his friends, and if I had a prejudice it would be against him, on account of his reported remarks about women novelists! I judge his case entirely on its merits; and if any public protest or petition is got up in his favor, I, for one, should be delighted to sign it.—Yours, &c.,

MAY SINCLAIR.

THE NEW CLOUD IN THE BALKANS.

SIR.—The disquieting conditions that appear at the moment to threaten peace in the Balkans need perhaps only clear and open discussion in order to be dispelled. Recent events point to the fact that cordial relations are being disturbed by the fears and suspicions which the Balkan States are entertaining towards each other. That an invasion of Bulgaria by neighboring States is in contemplation is at least open to doubt. One can, however, be certain that an atmosphere favorable to some such action being possible is in process of creation. Rumors of "applying sanctions" to Bulgaria in the form of occupation of fresh Bulgarian territory appear in certain quarters. The joint representations made on April 10th to the Bulgarian Prime Minister by the Greek, Roumanian, and Serbian Ministers at Sofia give point to the prevailing anxiety. They stated, what had already appeared in their Press, that "Bulgarian bands" were being sent from Bulgaria, with the connivance of the Bulgarian Government, into Thrace, Dobrudja, and Macedonia for the purpose of stirring up revolt. In regard to Bulgaria's fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the clauses of the Treaty of Neuilly nothing was said, because, as the Allied Reparations Commission at Sofia is sufficiently aware, nothing could be said against the loyalty and good faith of Bulgaria in this respect. Proof—if proof were needed—of the Allies' trust in M. Stambulisky could be found in the official welcome which the French and British Governments extended to the Bulgarian Premier on the occasion of his last visit to Paris and London. His policy has been subordinated to the one idea of restoring peaceful relations both with the Allies in the West and with his neighbors. In pursuing this aim he has incurred some measure of unpopularity because of his alleged lack of sympathy with Bulgarian Irredentists. It is therefore extremely improbable that he would be so foolish as to imperil the whole settlement by tolerating open revolt in the ceded regions.

His assurances to the deputation of Ministers were explicit and bore every mark of sincerity. He outlined his well-known policy of peace and loyalty towards the Allies, and denied categorically the charge of having tolerated the bands. If any had crossed the Bulgarian frontier they were brigands and contrabandists, against whom he was taking the strongest measures. To prove the clean policy of his Government he asked that an international inquiry be set up immediately.

Undue importance may not be attached to an *ex parte* statement. But opinion in our own Foreign and War Offices would discount at once the allegations of the Bulgarian Government's responsibility for the alleged appearance of the bands. If discontent and brigandage prevail in Macedonia, as undoubtedly they do, are they not largely promoted by the activities of Communists? The Serbian Minister of the Interior, in a recent statement to the Belgrade Assembly, attributed the insecurity of life and property in Macedonia to Communist influence. He declared that Communist Deputies of the Belgrade Parliament had furnished certain notorious gangs with supplies and weapons, and that docu-

ments found on certain rebels indicated that they were members of the Serbian Communist Party.

I venture to hope that the ventilation of these differences may help to dissipate the gathering clouds before they overwhelm the peace in the Balkans, which the Allies are vitally interested in preserving.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

HUGH LANE.

SIR,—I cannot accept Miss Harrison's correction of my notice of Lady Gregory's memoir. The matters to which she takes exception relate to the history of the Mansion House site. Lane's gift was conditional on the provision of a building on a suitable site. I do not suggest that the Mansion House site was the ideal site. I am aware of the contemporary objections to it. I do maintain that it was available, not unsuitable, and, which is an important point, passed by Lane's own architect.—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL GAHAN.

THE MATRIMONIAL CAUSES BILL.

SIR,—Once more a Matrimonial Causes Bill has passed through the House of Lords, and although this Bill falls far short of the much needed and complete reform of the Divorce Law, it will, if passed by the House of Commons, give relief to many thousands of women deserted before and since the war, whose only hope for the future lies in complete freedom from the deserting spouse. The introduction of desertion as a ground for divorce removes one terror from the lives of the women who have found it impossible to secure a livelihood with a husband somewhere in the background who may appear, at any time, to annoy the wife and inconvenience the employer. Thousands of deserted women who would prefer to live honest, straightforward lives have been compelled to pose as spinsters and widows in order to get daily bread, always with the fear of discovery hanging over them, always objects of suspicion. Especially hard has been the case of the deserted woman who has had to apply for out-relief to the boards of guardians throughout the country, relief often denied in the belief that there might be collusion between the husband and wife to secure assistance.

Deserted men, of whom there are many thousands in the country, men who have been left with small children who have had to be distributed among relations or put into homes, men who cannot prove adultery, once more see the dawn of the possibility of a new home for themselves and their children, sick and weary of lodgings, and not all desiring irregular unions with illegitimate children, or perhaps being unable to induce respectable women to enter into such a relationship—these men have watched the struggle over desertion as a ground now with hope, now with despair. In these days of suspense, and with the great pressure of business, it may be that the Government will not give time for the Bill to be discussed in the House of Commons, but time has been found for far less urgent measures. The very fact that applications for divorce have been pouring into the Poor Person's Department at the rate of hundreds a week, and that pressure on the Divorce Courts has made it necessary for five judges to deal with arrears alone, proves the demand for divorce, and it is unthinkable that hundreds upon hundreds of people should be getting their freedom on the ground of adultery, whilst thousands of innocent sufferers under desertion, drink, cruelty, and insanity are left outside any relief, and callously told that separation is a sufficient solution for them.—Yours, &c.,

M. L. SEATON-TIEDEMAN.

55, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY.

SIR,—The Phoenix has to thank your London Diarist for a kind note in last week's issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.

If in writing that what the Phoenix "wants" to do in the matter of production is to pay more care to it, he used the word as equivalent to "wishes," I can cordially agree with him. We wish to give every care to our productions that our funds admit. If, on the other hand, he meant to imply that we "ought" to give such further care, the

exiguity of such funds is our defence. We are painfully conscious that one rehearsal on the stage is a preparation wholly inadequate to the merits of the work produced and unfair to the players who so generously assist. But this is all at present we can afford.

With the support of your journal we hope the obvious remedy may not be long delayed.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. KENNEDY, Chairman, Phoenix.
Dudley House, 36, Southampton Street, Strand.

THE Friends' Relief Committee gratefully acknowledges the sum of £2 from "N. Z."

Poetry.

HYMN TO MOLOCH.

O thou who didst furnish
The fowls of the air
With loverly feathers
For leydis to wear,
Receive this Petition
For blessin an aid,
From the principal Ouses
Engaged in the Trade.

The trouble's as follows:
A white-livered Scum,
What if they was choked
T'would be better for some,
'S been pokin about an
Creatin a fuss
An talkin too loud to be
Ealthy for us.

Thou'l't ardly believe
Ow, damn friendly they are,
They say there's a time
In the future not far
When birds worth good money'll
Waste by the ton

An the Trade can look
Perishin pleased to look on;

With best lines in Paradies

Equal to what
Is fetchin a pony
A time in the at,
An ospreys and ummins
An other choice goods
Wastefullly oppin
About in the woods.

They're kiddin the papers,
An callin us names,
Not Yorkshire ones neither,
That's one of their games:
They've others as pleasin
An soakin with spite,
An it dont make us appy:
Ow can it do, quite?

We thank thee most earty
For mercies to date,
The Olesales is pickin
Nice profits per crate,
Reports from the Retails
Is pleasin to read:
We certainly thank thee
Most earty indeed.

Vouchsafe, then, to muzzle
These meddlesome swine,
An learn em to andle goods
More in their line:
Be faithful, be foxy,
Till peril is past,
An plant thy strong sword
In their livers at last.

RALPH HODGSON.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reduction in Bank rate last Thursday caused some disappointment in Stock Exchange circles where a clear drop to 6 per cent. had been hoped for, and there is some criticism of the Bank Directors for "making two bites of a cherry." But surely, with the coal dispute still as far as ever from settlement and with many ominous clouds obscuring the economic horizon, they have every possible justification for making a cautious approach towards cheap money. It is generally supposed that, as soon as the general outlook is clearer, a 6 per cent. Bank rate will be declared. As the period of trade stagnation lengthens money rates naturally tend to fall. Three months' Treasury Bills this week are being sold at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while a few weeks ago, when rates were fixed, they were commanding 6 per cent., and up to the middle of March 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The restoration of the sale of Treasury Bills by tender, which was the first step taken by Sir Robert Horne on assuming the office of Chancellor, has so far proved decidedly successful. It is hoped also that his second important step in policy, namely, the issue of the Conversion Loan, will be equally successful. Any reader who holds 5 per cent. National War Bonds due for repayment between October, 1922, and September, 1925, and has not already put them in for conversion, should give attention to the matter at once.

Inevitably, perhaps, the Bank rate reduction has revived the old discussion as to whether a 7 per cent. rate was ever necessary, and whether its effects have been baneful or the reverse. But such discussion is as unfruitful as it is unending. What matters to-day is that money is growing cheaper, and that in regard to the lowering of Bank rate a careful policy is at the moment essential.

FEATURES OF THE WEEK.

In the week ending April 30th satisfactory sales of Treasury Bills, which exceeded maturities by £8 millions, enabled the Treasury to reduce Ways and Means Advances by about £6 millions. This reduction was slightly surprising, for last week's Bank return had suggested fears that a further serious increase in Ways and Means Advances would be shown.

May 1st falling on a Sunday this year, the Stock Exchange took its traditional May holiday on Monday. On returning to work on Tuesday brokers were disappointed at the amount of orders that had accumulated during the extended week-end. Nevertheless the support accorded by the investing public to the gilt-edged market continues to be satisfactory, this market benefiting to some extent by the reinvestment of money disbursed by the Government in the shape of dividends on Monday. But the general market activity, which might otherwise develop, is held in check by the continued double deadlock—abroad over Reparations and at home over the coal industry.

Exchange movements this week have been interesting. Sterling is making bold efforts to reach the four-dollar mark, reaching 3.98 $\frac{1}{2}$ on Tuesday. Other exchanges are tending to move against London. Francs are better, having been as good as 49.50 before reacting a little. The discrepancy between the quotations of French and Belgian francs has now disappeared.

A RAILWAY AGREEMENT.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday night Sir Eric Geddes made a statement which is of profound importance to the country in general, and to railway shareholders and workers in particular. Large impending claims by the railway companies on the Exchequer have for a long time past been an alarming and confusing element in the financial situation. Huge figures had been mentioned, and the Colwyn Report, which contributed little but acidity to the discussion, mentioned £156 millions as the Government's liability. Sir Eric now announces that he has settled with the railways for £60 millions, of which £9 millions will come

back in income-tax, the net State payment to be £51 millions. Though formidable, the figure is a relief to the taxpayer. It was accompanied by the statement that the companies and their employees "had come to a very considerable measure of agreement on the matters which concerned them in the future." We may hope therefore that there is now little danger of the coal war being followed by a railway war. Sir E. Geddes's speech suggests the picture of harmony and lasting agreement between the Government and the companies, and between the companies and the workers, which sounds too good to be true.

THE REVENUE BILL.

The Revenue Bill has been dropped, but though the holding of inquests is an unpalatable proceeding, I must refer to it once more. A reader whose knowledge and experience of income-tax administration is extensive has taken me vigorously to task for a paragraph which I recently wrote on this page warning taxpayers about the proposals for a change in income-tax administration contained in the Bill. This gentleman's main contentions are: (1) That the proposals were necessary in order to make income-tax collection efficient; (2) that to a large extent they merely aimed at legalizing procedure which has for a long time been going on without legal sanction; (3) that the Bill in no way menaced the privileges and safeguards of the taxpayer. I admit that his view is supported by expert articles that have recently appeared in the "Economist," the "Accountant," and elsewhere, and also to a considerable extent by the evidence given before a Royal Commission. Also I should be sorry to contribute in any way towards blocking improvement in administrative efficiency. But on such study as I have been able to devote to the question, I cannot by any means convince myself that the income-tax administration proposals in the Revenue Bill were so entirely harmless as its sponsors would make out. Nor can I accept the view that the very strong opposition which the controversial clauses in the Bill aroused proceeded simply from "vested interests" and not at all from real apprehension. I may, of course, be entirely wrong and my erudite reader entirely right; but the Government seem to have been greatly impressed by the opposition, and I am among the large number of taxpayers who will heave a sigh of relief at the news of the Bill's demise.

SOME INVESTMENT YIELDS.

The gilt-edged market was disappointed with the $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bank rate reduction, which it had already fully discounted, but now looks upon it as a first instalment with another to follow shortly. The disastrous continuance of the coal deadlock means an indefinite prolongation of the period during which money, freed from use in financing trade and industry, will be available for investment. Such money is already flowing pretty freely into high-class investment stocks. Industrial and speculative sections (with the exception of oil shares) naturally await revival, at least until a coal settlement is in sight. Under present circumstances readers may find of interest the following small selection of high-class investments yielding from 6 to 7 per cent.:

Security.	Date when redeemable.	Price.	Yield including profit on redemption.	
			£	s. d.
London County 5 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	Oct. 1, 1930	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	5 6
Newcastle 3 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1936	70 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	15 5
Australia 6 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1931-41	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	4 0
Bristol 3 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1920-60	53	7	1 3
Newfoundland 3 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1941-51	61	6	11 0
Victoria 6 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1925-25	99	6	9 0
Argentine 5 $\frac{1}{2}\%$...	1926	54	6	9 0
L.B. & S.C. Rly. 4 $\frac{1}{2}\%$ deb. ...	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	4 0
Commercial Union Assur. Co. "Ocean" 4 $\frac{1}{2}\%$ deb. ...	—	78	7	5 9

Yields obtainable on these types of stock are likely to undergo some decline in the course of the present year, unless calculations are upset by some unforeseen contingency.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

PILATE's question, which we continue to suppose was not answered because he did not wait for the answer, was perhaps the despairing jest of a disillusioned man who no longer believed there was an answer to be got. For the Truth, when we give it a proper name, like Alcohol or Concrete, then somehow acquires the nature of Mrs. Harris. The paths to the Absolute lead but to somewhere near the asylum; it makes human creatures glorious, and is some indication of their immense acquirements, for them to feel in exultation that they might look Truth in its very face if they could only discover some clue or other; but just when they begin to believe their cranial index is now about right for solving the puzzle, a German—ah, yes, even a German Jew—pushes the jig-saw off the table to demonstrate the Relativity of everything.

* * *

YET how we are to approach the Absolute when we are unable to give even Whitman a place in literature approximate to his worth is puzzling to me. It must surely puzzle anybody who would be satisfied with but a few literary standards, and declines, life being short, to seek the ineffable Whole. Last week I got a little book on Whitman, which pointed out that what humanity is waiting for is the Messiah (the book is published by Daniel). It is hard to deny such a generality. The book goes on to argue, giving copious extracts from Whitman, that "Leaves of Grass" is, indeed, the new evangel, and that the good grey poet is the man. And at the same time there came a letter from an enthusiastic student of George Santayana, which drew my attention to the "Poetry of Barbarism," a chapter he had been reading in the philosopher's "Poetry and Religion." This chapter, as we know, would prove that Browning and Whitman were barbarians, and that the open-hearted folk who admire those poets are no better. Now when to-day in such a simple case as the appreciation of a poet there is all the difference between regarding his work as, on the one hand, a gospel for saving humanity, and, on the other, the utterances of a barbaric mind which naturally would appeal to other barbarians, we can understand why it was Pilate did not think it was worth while waiting for a word about the Absolute. He was probably in a hurry to indite answers himself to some paeans and ridiculous official questions from the Imperial City.

WE will not, on such a page as this, discuss the Messianic nature of Whitman. It is certain the extremists who feel that "Leaves of Grass" are all that is needful for the salvation of mankind will come to less harm than if they were just as joyous about "a cert" on Epsom Downs. But Santayana's verdict is a more serious matter, and my correspondent, who is not usually moved except by good reasoning, demanded to know whether there was any escape from the condemnation of this bleak and lofty Latin philosopher. In fact, I do not know; but if one's mind is moved by "On the Beach at Night," and the lines beginning "When Lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed," then one may as well be called a barbarian for it as anything else. Some people, on ground which they doubtless assume to be right, have called us pro-Germans and Bolsheviks. What's in a name? "You will find," said my correspondent, "that Santayana is so smooth that he gives you no handhold. It will puzzle you to find a flaw in his argument."

* * *

I READ the chapter again, and yet again, and I must agree to that. Mr. Santayana has taken such good care with his case, sweeping it along with broad generalities, but a careful abstention from all examples, that you are apt to lose control and to be rolled over on the swift, smooth current of his prose, especially if you enjoy good prose for its own sake. Yet it is evident why the philosopher is able so easily to make his case. He gives us no bearings. "With Whitman," says Mr. Santayana, "the surface is absolutely all, and the underlying structure is without interest and almost without existence." The philosopher deduces from "Drum Taps" nothing more than the poet's "canine devotion" to the wounded. I submit, however, that without cross-bearings for verification—especially when I find the philosopher's generalities not infrequently contradict each other—it would be unfair to condemn the character of a dog, to say nothing of that of a poet. And I submit still further that, if a really select suburban habitation of the Primrose League could be brought to understand Mr. Santayana at all, the underlying implications of his criticism of Whitman are just the sort with which it would instinctively agree.

* * *

I WOULD ask my correspondent this. Suppose an aged American were to tell him he once knew a New England workman who had thought himself a poet, who had written much, but who had studied a philosopher's criticism of barbarians as poets to such purpose that he was convinced his own verse was thereby condemned, and so had burnt his manuscripts. "I saved," says this old Yankee, "only a few pages, and I like the little there is of it, but I'm no judge. Do you think there was anything in it?" And then let my correspondent suppose that he reads in those derelict sheets some fragments of "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." When he realized his loss, what words would he then use to describe the creative effect of the best literary criticism?

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

A BATTLEFIELD OF THE STUDY.

THE readers of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* may have noticed that up to now I have abstained from any comment on the present state of literary affairs in France. As the reason that has kept me silent is the same which induces me to speak out to-day, I feel that I owe a word of explanation.

At any given period the literary life of a country finds expression through two totally different channels, and the chasm that divides them has been more sharply visible than ever, say since the Armistice. On the one hand, you have the small and select company of the true artists, to which should be in fairness added the larger one of the honest workers in every branch of the craft. However much they may be exposed to, and perhaps slightly distorted by, the modern glare of publicity, and the modern habit of appealing to their opinion on any subject that happens to arise—they are not always wise enough to refrain from answering!—yet their work still remains their central mode of expression, and in proportion to its quality they maintain thereby a strictly individual point of view. On the other hand, you have the clamorous gang of those who, to borrow from Oscar Wilde a serviceable formula, always write at the top of their voice. Unfortunately in the present case, we are unable to add with Wilde that they are so loud that one cannot hear what they say. They are loud indeed; but as they have been saying the same things for over two years, it has been impossible not to hear them. Almost at the very moment when the German Army withdrew, another army of invaders bore in from all quarters, and theorists innumerable—on every subject and of all leanings—took full possession of the field. As I seem to discern some signs of a possible retreat, I hasten to transmit to you this favorable piece of news.

The signs to which I am here alluding are particularly apparent in the "Enquête sur le Romantisme et le Classicisme," conducted by Emile Henriot, the results of which were published in "La Renaissance" on January 8th; but before entering into the subject of the "Enquête" itself, it will be wise to give the readers of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* a brief sketch of the facts that preceded it. The starting-point of the whole controversy is to be traced back as far as 1907, when M. Pierre Lasserre came forward with his *thèse* on "Le Romantisme." The book met with an immediate success, and among those who championed it at the time—some of them now dead, like Rémy de Gourmont—there are not a few no doubt who, in presence of the ulterior developments, have cause to regret the stand they took. Far more dangerous because less obvious, careful not to give itself away at the outset—yet fundamentally M. Lasserre's book reminds one of Max Nordau's "Dégénérescence." It is a more cunningly concocted mixture of pseudo-scientific terminology and cocksure generalization. Such writers as Rousseau or Benjamin-Constant appear before M. Lasserre's private tribunal in a position almost akin to that of those incurable patients whom the great medical professor introduces at the end of his lecture to present the audience with a justification of his facts. Faultlessly analyzed, and then faultlessly reconstructed, the only trouble about M. Lasserre's writers is that they have never existed. Years ago, when he was literary critic of the "Figaro," M. Marcel Ballot used to define men of the cast of mind of M. Lasserre's as "de minitieux constructeurs des moulins à vent sur lesquels ils vont foncer." The formula holds as good as ever. But nothing proves so fruitful as a falsehood with a convenient label. Instead of re-reading "Les Roman-

tiques" and being put to the trouble of forming a personal opinion, it was both easier and much more amusing to assail each of them in turn, and win the additional distinction of appearing in the flattering garb of a connoisseur of the classics. So everywhere a "retour à l'esprit classique" was heralded to which nothing was failing but "les œuvres classiques" themselves. It is indeed worthy of notice that the two poets in whose works the genuine classic spirit is alive to-day by a law of its own—M. Paul Valéry and M. Henri de Régnier—have held severely aloof all the while the controversy was raging. When "La Minerve Française" tried to make use of his name in behalf of a *Renaissance Classique*, to avoid all misunderstandings M. Valéry wrote a letter of protest, and in the "Enquête" to which I have alluded, after a temperate statement of the two tendencies, he is careful to add: "Je crois qu'il n'y a pas lieu de condamner l'un ou l'autre de ces esprits." As for M. Henri de Régnier, he has never descended into the arena, and in "Figures et Caractères" he has written, as everybody knows, some of the finest appreciations in existence of the great romantic writers.

The most interesting feature of the "Enquête de la 'Renaissance' sur le Romantisme et le Classicisme" is that it comes, so to speak, after the battle, and that instead of opening a new debate it well-nigh closes it. In nearly all the answers one detects the signs of a creeping lassitude, which is a decidedly good omen. Even those who for these last two years have been living intellectually on the two poor bespattered words seem by now sick of the whole question, and it may seriously be hoped that the matter has arrived at a standstill, and that everybody will revert to his own business. If it turns out to be the case, the army of theorists will have been routed with the help of a British Expeditionary Force under the guise of a very acute article on Maurras in the Literary Supplement of the "Times" (September 30th, 1920). This article struck some of us Frenchmen as so very much to the point that it was partially translated and published in the January number of the "Nouvelle Revue Française," and with the addition of some remarks of André Gide in the March number of the same Revue, it bears a character of finality.

Nothing proves more fatal to a natural gait, or damages more dangerously the charm of a figure, than an elaborate self-consciousness. The French genius has never lacked either greatness or charm; indeed, its charm is so persuasive that in itself it constitutes a special kind of greatness which may sometimes have stood between the other greatness that lies behind; nor in any of its truly authorized representatives has it been ever known to simper. Understood and appreciated all over the world, there is no need that anybody should pretend on its behalf. A page of Anatole France, so pure and racy in its nonchalance, with its fine aroma of a civilized leisure—the short and poignant cadence of the best Barrès—such things speak for themselves; and to confine ourselves to the list of the "Renaissance," a literature that counts among its still active practitioners the names of La Comtesse de Noailles, Paul Bourget, René Boylesve, Georges Duhamel, André Gide, Edmond Jaloux, Marcel Proust, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, Albert Thibaudet and Paul Valéry is better occupied in what Henry James calls somewhere "the battlefield of the haunted study" than in the purely academic debating society. Madame de Noailles has said in her answer the last word on the matter: "Quand Moréas, à l'agonie, formula, en une phrase limitée par la mort, son opinion sur les Classiques et les Romantiques, je la trouvai brève, mais suffisante. 'Tout cela c'est des bêtises,' avait-il murmuré, à cet instant de suprême sagesse. C'est qu'il s'agit, en effet, d'une querelle et non de poésie. Aussi le poète mourant voit-il plus juste qu'aucun autre, quand, consacrant ses dernières pensées à ce qui est éternel, il repousse avec un soupir de lassitude les débats éphémères."

CHARLES DU BOS.

Reviews.

BERNADOTTE.

Bernadotte and Napoleon, 1763-1810. By the Right Hon. Sir DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON. With Portraits and Illustrations. (Murray. 21s.)

IT is a good excuse for wonderment to try to guess why particular men endowed with a turn for letters and, at any rate towards the close of their lives, with ample leisure, should have chosen the particular subjects they have done for the labor of their pens. What determined their choice? Was it idle whim, or stray fancy, or some deep-rooted sense of kinship or affinity? Who can say? How easily their labor—and it is a great labor to compose such a book as the one before us—might have been deflected elsewhere, and devoted to quite other periods and names, and the discussion of wholly different controversies and difficulties! If, however, a book is bound to be written, an author has got to be found for it, and perhaps Browning's "Tricky Demon," who "set" the Professor at Göttingen "at Titus or Philemon" (see "Christmas Eve and Easter Day"), instead of "anapæsts in comic trimeter," is as near to a solution of this preliminary problem as we are ever likely to get.

What "set" Sir Dunbar Barton, once a favorite figure in an old House of Commons, and now an ex-Irish judge with a long record of judicial service behind him, on Bernadotte, to whom he has already consecrated two volumes (of which the one now under review is the second), and has promised a third? Who can say? We may perhaps suggest that so good and patriotic an Irishman as our author may have found an "affinity" between himself and this Marshal of France, who was "the son of a lawyer at Pau, with a dash of Moorish blood in his Gascon veins," and who certainly, over and over again, reminds us, most agreeably, of Irishmen we once knew, as, e.g., Lord Wolseley, Sir William Butler, and others to whom perhaps we are not entitled to refer.

For one thing, however, we must express our gratitude to Browning's "Tricky Demon," for having induced Sir Dunbar to choose "Philemon" and not "Titus" for his main subject, or to speak plainly, Bernadotte instead of Napoleon.

Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, six years Napoleon's senior (born 1763), owed his epaulettes to the Revolution, for he had enlisted in the ranks at the age of sixteen "as a runaway"; and it was the Revolution that soon converted a sergeant into a General of Division:

"In that capacity he served with distinction as one of the Divisional Commanders of the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse in the Belgian campaign of 1794, and in the German campaign which was fought for the possession of the Rhine in 1795 and 1796."—(pp. 1 and 2.)

Bernadotte was marked out for distinction in those revolutionary times. Of striking appearance, of pleasing and popular manners, of great daring and full of consideration for his subordinates, a student, a civil administrator of rare excellence, and a Gascon, as ready with his tongue as with his sword, he was also an honest and devoted Republican, and so he would joyfully have remained to the end of his chapter, which nevertheless, so ironical are events, saw him become first a Marshal of the Empire, and then a King on a throne of his own.

How these strange things came about, and at what cost of personal conviction, and with what moral and intellectual damage, the reader may see in the dramatic pages of this volume. Such a man, with such a history, could not hope to escape both just censure and unreasonable abuse.

Although, as indeed we have already said, Sir Dunbar's choice was "Philemon," yet "Titus" has dogged his steps all the way. There is no getting rid of Napoleon for a biographer of Bernadotte. Between the tall, ingratiating Gascon and *le petit caporal* there rushed those mysterious, haunting, deep undercurrents of rivalry that give history its Plutarchian turn, and occasionally make even the pages of *Hansard* exciting. Bernadotte was always getting into the way of Napoleon, who, in his mind's eye, once saw his

rival playing the part of Mark Antony over the corse of a murdered Cæsar.

On the whole, considering what a *scélérat* Napoleon was, he does not come out of this conflict of contending vanities, with a man of such gifts and powers as Bernadotte, as badly as might have been anticipated, though it was perhaps lucky for this Marshal that he was Joseph Bonaparte's brother-in-law, or otherwise Napoleon's threat to have him shot might easily enough have been carried out. Sir Dunbar Barton makes it plain that Napoleon, after his egotistical fashion, really trusted the man who, he well knew, distrusted him.

Sir Dunbar Barton is an admirable biographer, following as he does his "subject" with judgment, discrimination, insight, and impartiality; and to do his style, his method, and his problem justice a somewhat long quotation must here be allowed:—

"We are now in a position to summarize the evolution of Bernadotte's attitude during the Consulate. After the revolution of Brumaire (9th of November, 1799), to which he had been the most prominent obstacle, he became Councillor of State and General-in-Chief of the Army of the West, but he did not rally to the new constitution until his former colleagues had been reconciled to it, and until his followers had been amnestied. As time went on, he became dissatisfied with the odious duties to which he found himself relegated (in La Vendée), and was aggrieved at being passed over for a succession of active commands; but he did not go into opposition until 1802, when Napoleon's reactionary policy and rapid advance towards absolute power began to manifest themselves. It was then that he became the leading spirit of the so-called Conspiracy of Paris, and that he incurred suspicion of complicity in the Conspiracies of Donnadieu and of Rennes. Despair led him to wish to find some honorable means of escape from France. He refused the Captain-Generalship of Guadeloupe and the Ambassadorship of Constantinople, but he would gladly have become Governor of Louisiana. Afterwards he accepted the American Ambassadorship, but relinquished it in view of the imminence of a European War. For the next twelve months Bernadotte gradually realized that the Republic had ceased to exist, and that the choice lay between a Monarchical restoration and a Napoleonic Empire. As soon as this basis became crystallized he had no hesitation in making his choice. Having made it, he resolved to serve the new *régime* with loyalty and good faith, but he did not conceal from his intimate friend Lucien Bonaparte how bitter were his disappointments and regrets."—(pp. 82 and 83.)

Bernadotte was a democrat in grain, and would have loved to play a great part in a true democracy, but of that there was no chance, for, as Sir Dunbar Barton observes, Napoleon's "First Republic was not worth preserving"! and Bernadotte had the sense to see this.

As a soldier who never had supreme command, Bernadotte shared a very usual fate. His luck varied, his faults found him out, and were magnified tenfold by the most jealous and quarrelsome of all the professions. Napoleon's marshals hated one another. Both at Jena and Eylau Bernadotte missed his chances, though he "made good" at Lübeck, Halle, and Mohrungen. Napoleon made many blunders, and at Jena a particularly bad one; but in history much depends on who it is who makes the blunders.

As an administrator of subdued territories—Anspach, Hanover, the Hanseatic cities, and Denmark—Bernadotte earned great fame. His ill-mannered enemies attributed this success to his Gascon tongue, his wheedling ways, his "blarney," his judicious flirtations, his flattering pen, but the success was indisputable. "Nobody," so writes M. Sarrans, in a passage quoted by Sir Dunbar, "possessed in such a high degree as Bernadotte the talent for creating order out of disorder, for giving dignity to coercion, for winning the gratitude of the peoples of whom he was appointed the oppressor." The very man for Ireland!

This second volume of Sir Dunbar Barton's leaves "Philemon" heir to the throne of Sweden and Norway. "Titus" is not yet "in quod," though his hour approaches and that odious island looms in sight. Bernadotte died, still a king, in 1844, the sole survivor of all Napoleon's "kings," thus outliving his creator, or at least his sponsor, by twenty-three years!

We think it is true to say that Bernadotte was never really jealous of Napoleon, and if that be so, it proves that by this freedom from the meanest and yet most prevalent of all human vices, Bernadotte exhibits one of the truest notes of a distinguished man.

A. B.

AMONG THE PROFESSORS.

The Proceedings of the British Academy, 1917-1918. (Milford. 40s. net.)

It would, I imagine, hardly be possible to find a single person competent to review the whole of these two years' "Proceedings of the British Academy"; he would need to be ready, like Picus Mirandolus, to dispute *de omni re scibili*, and when he was summoned to declare himself on "The Transliteration of Slavonic Names" or "Time and History in Contemporary Philosophy" he might still feel that he had been inveigled into the Voltairian annex, *et quibusdam aliis*.

Fully two-thirds of this impressive tome is beyond me; I am incapable even of learning from it. For the British Academy is practically co-extensive with the French Institute, and though there are French journalists who profess to give a critical account of the proceedings of the whole of that distinguished corporation, I suspect that they are supplied with convenient little synopses and abstracts by the secretaries. Their accounts are either too technical or too vague; the food they supply either unsubstantial or indigestible.

The only way out is to confess one's incompetence, frankly acknowledge that one is neglecting the greater part, and cling to the subjects on which one has some little knowledge. Not that I really claim to know anything particular about "Shakespeare's Character," on which Dean Beeching lectured in 1917; but I am interested to know why Dean Beeching was concerned about it, and the conclusions he reached. I know instinctively that his reasons and his methods of inquiry will be unfamiliar to me, and that it will be hard for me to prevent myself from being a little unfair to them. Of recent years there has been a good deal of bitterness between professors and professionals on this matter of Shakespeare. I have a vision of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Frank Harris, as a kind of medieval Three Musketeers, hurling defiance at the walls of Oxford; and a vague recollection that to call a man a Professor was before the war the most stinging of critical insults. Mr. Arnold Bennett one day clinched the whole controversy by calling Mr. Harris "the world's great Shakespeare expert." Such a *trouvaile* must have been deliberate: I do not dare to say what pictures it conjures up. But they rejoice me greatly.

Dean Beeching does not, of course, mention Mr. Harris. One of the most piquant features of the Shakespeare battle was the complete inability of the professors to see the professionals. This has changed, of late. Mr. Shaw suddenly became visible in the "Times Literary Supplement." Like a true Musketeer he took full advantage of the occasion, and gave such a display of swordsmanship that his opponents did not know when, or where, or how many times they had been hit. It may be that Mr. Shaw was still invisible. At all events, Mr. Harris, who had more ardently than any one else "gone in for" Shakespeare's character, was not to be seen on Dean Beeching's horizon. Apparently, it was so high that nothing less than an Ambassador or an Oxford Professor of Poetry could appear above it.

Now this is a pity. A great many people are familiar with the theses of Mr. Harris's books on Shakespeare; either in the original or through Mr. Shaw's references to them. Very few, on the other hand, know what are the views of M. Jusserand and Mr. Mackail on Shakespeare's character. So that when Dean Beeching set out to refute these two politer enemies instead of addressing himself to the Chief Musketeer, the debate immediately became rather unreal. And it is precisely this air of unreality which hangs over a great many professorial proceedings that makes it so easy to neglect them. Whatever one may think of Mr. Harris's views, they are not stupid; M. Jusserand's—if we may take Dean Beeching's summary of it—undoubtedly is:—

"Shakespeare the man was an impressionable person, who had two environments and responded to each; living in Stratford the respectable *bourgeois* life of Stratford people, and aiming only at comfort and a competence; in London living the loose life of the artistic circle, free in his manners and his morals. As a poet he was endowed with two excellent gifts, the one a vitalizing faculty, so that no matter what plot he takes, the puppets come to life under his hands; the other a lyrical faculty so exquisite that the

commonplaces on life which he borrows in every direction, come home to our hearts by virtue of the marvellous music to which he sets them, and the personal *timbre* of his voice."

Apparently, M. Jusserand discerns some analogy between the double life of Shakespeare the man (which he imagines) and the double life of Shakespeare the poet (which he also imagines). Otherwise the paragraph seems sublimely inconsequent.

As for the theory itself, the only thing to be said about it is that which was said by R. L. Stevenson one day about these respectable columns. "Golly!" The spectacle of the impressionable Shakespeare responding to the loose life of the artistic circle in London by suddenly burgeoning into a vitalizing faculty and a lyrical faculty is magnificent. Perhaps they manifested themselves in the form of bumps, one over each eye; perhaps Marlowe gave them to him, before he died swearing. M. Jusserand seems to have the same idea of England as Trinculo:—

"Were I in England now—as once I was—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man."

Still, it is rather disheartening to think that Dean Beeching felt that he ought seriously to prove that this strange beast was not Shakespeare.

For Mr. Mackail's views we have once more to trust to Dean Beeching's summary:—

"Dr. Mackail made no such sharp division between the poet and the man; but traced the superb achievement of the one and the failure of the other to the same impressionable temperament, which in the conduct of life left him at the mercy of every suggestion from without, but in the sphere of art enabled him to reproduce with amazing fidelity every lineament of body and mind with which he came into contact, so that his scenes have all the lifelikeness of a cinematograph show."

Either Dr. Mackail or Dean Beeching has a curious way of praising Shakespeare's verisimilitude. Even a moderate novelist would resent being told that his scenes had "the lifelikeness of a cinematograph show," just as a very moderate painter would feel a little rueful at hearing that his portraits were "just like photographs." But no doubt the author made the left-handed compliment with the best intentions.

What is really mysterious is the cause of Dr. Mackail's anxiety. Is it so certain that Shakespeare's life was a failure? The bust in Stratford Church and that series of family slabs before the altar show pretty plainly that the Shakespeares were very important people indeed in Stratford. And even if his life was a failure, what of it? One can only judge by analogy, of course, but it seems impossible to doubt that a poet of Shakespeare's genius was principally concerned with his poetry, perhaps not in the rather feverish way of poets of to-day, perhaps not even with the absorption of John Keats; he may have been, he probably was, rather careless, but if his chief concern was not with his writing, he was a freak and a miracle. I am not suggesting that he would have done anything but smile at the passionate devotion of a Flaubert. Flaubert himself knew that, and said so. But a prodigal literary genius is bound to be absorbed in writing, and the most we can allow (even in face of the tradition of his never having blotted a line) is that he was absorbed only to the same extent as a Tolstoy or a Dickens. His writing was his chief, if it was not an absolutely engrossing, activity. But in what important sense his life can be said to have failed, it is impossible to see.

This is, apparently, much less simple to Dr. Mackail; but since it is not a problem to me, I refuse to be worried by it. Dean Beeching's worry, however, was of a different kind. He wished to be comforted by the discovery that Shakespeare was "a man of character"; and, of course, he does discover it; he wants to find a man who is "both great and good," and he finds him. The method of discovery is interesting, though there is very little that is new in it, with the exception of one point, which, whether it is really new or not, is put with a cogent simplicity that is:—

"A moral interest is proved by his very method in tragedy, which was peculiar to himself. Shakespeare took tragedy from the hands of Marlowe and resigned it to Fletcher. Tragedy with Marlowe represents a nemesis falling on exorbitant desire. . . . Now Shakespeare's tragic heroes are not Titans, but men. . . . After Shakespeare

came Fletcher, whose tragedy has no heroes or heroines, but only victims of tyranny. . . . We must allow that Shakespeare's choice of his special type of tragic hero was deliberate; and the formula which best expresses this special type is, curiously enough, the Aristotelian formula that the hero must not be eminently good—like Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr'—nor, on the other hand, an utter villain—like the heroes of Ben Jonson's 'Catinine' and 'Sejanus'—but a man of noble character, illustrious or happy, who falls into disaster through some error or weakness."

The crucial words are "curiously enough." I confess it had never struck me that it was curious; and even now I am not sure that it is. But the effect of the words is to half-persuade me that Aristotle was a still greater critic, and Shakespeare a still greater artist, than I had thought them.

But it is doubtful what this proves as to Shakespeare's character. The natural deduction is that the faculty of aesthetic perception is somehow intimately related to the faculty of ethical perception, which I certainly believe to be true. But it cannot be made to prove that Shakespeare was "a good man" in Dean Beeching's sense, or even a good man in Aristotle's, which was different. A man of fine ethical perceptions may be "beyond good and evil"; on the other hand, he may say, like Ovid: *Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor.* What the quality of Shakespeare's tragedies does prove is that Shakespeare's ethical perceptions were as strong as they were delicate; that there was no rottenness of the moral consciousness in him, whatever his acts may have been. Probably he was a good man, in the sense that Tolstoy was a good man. But I think that if Dean Beeching had read Tolstoy's diaries, he would have felt that that was not exactly what he wanted to prove.

There is no hope of balancing this review. The volume from which it began contains two other interesting literary papers, "Shakespeare and England," by Sir Walter Raleigh, and "Poetry in Relation to the Other Arts," by Mr. Laurence Binyon. Sir Walter raises the suggestive question: "Why is it that Shakespeare has given us no full-length portrait, carefully drawn, of a hypocrite?" He raises it *à propos* of Shakespeare's faculty for drawing English types and the received Continental opinion that we are a nation of hypocrites; he contrasts Dickens's gallery of them, and he might have adduced Luke Frugal also. He explains Dickens's facility in hypocrites by the fact that "he was hard driven as a child, and the impressions that were then burnt into him governed all his seeing," for "it is the child who sees hypocrites." On the other hand, Shakespeare had a free and happy childhood. (Such is Sir Walter's impression, with which I humbly agree.) His approach to human beings was easy and natural. "It is difficult to see a hypocrite in a man whose mind you have entered into as Shakespeare entered into the mind of his creatures." That is rather a neat naturalistic solution (or evasion) of a problem which is probably more truly one of literary creativeness. Still, I should like to know whether Ben Jonson was "hard driven in his childhood." This question of the "two-dimensional" vision, or creation, is exceedingly interesting. A hypocrite is almost necessarily "two dimensional"; seen in all three dimensions, he becomes something different.

Mr. Binyon's paper is also suggestive, though it suffers rather obviously from compression. He is compelled to rush over questions which require a good deal of thought in order to be made even clear to one's consciousness.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE WANDERINGS OF "THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN."²²

The Islanders of the Pacific; or, The Children of the Sun.

By Lt.-Col. T. R. ST.-JOHNSTON. (Fisher Unwin, 25s.)

The fascination of the Pacific is so potent that it lures great numbers of people to describe the charms of its scenery and the curious customs of its inhabitants, and many of them have also sought to unravel its past history. Some, like the Routledges, have made expeditions for this express purpose, but most content themselves with compiling the accounts of travellers and residents. Lt.-Col. T. R. St.-Johnston is the latest adventurer in this intricate field of research, the difficulties of which are due mainly to the imperfection of

the record, as there has been extremely little done in the way of a systematic study of any of the multitudinous islands and very much has since been wiped out of which we have but meagre records. It is gratifying to find that American ethnologists, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Bayard Dominick, are now making an organized effort to recover what fragments remain of the old cultures of Polynesia, and it is to be hoped that the investigators will undertake intensive studies of selected islands of Polynesia and will pay especial attention to their archaeology. It is only by thorough investigation that any real progress can be made, as we are sadly in need of more extensive and reliable data.

Lt.-Col. St.-Johnston has had prolonged opportunities for studying the Fijians, having been District Commissioner of the Lau Islands, and he combines this special knowledge with a general knowledge of other areas and wide reading, not to mention equally wide theorizing. It is evident that he has been influenced by the masterly analysis of the Melanesians and Polynesians by Dr. Rivers, and by the stimulating and suggestive writings of Professor Elliot Smith, as well as by Mr. Perry's work on Indonesia. He has employed the views of these authors to give coherence to his own observations, and while he adopts their views in the main, he occasionally criticizes them, and at times appears to somewhat misunderstand them. Though there are some original observations in the book, by far the greater number of the statements are necessarily borrowed from others, but unfortunately the author very rarely gives any references, and these are usually too vague to be of any value. Doubtless the author's aim was to make the book as popular as possible so as to interest a wide public in his theme, and in this it is to be hoped that he will succeed; but the lack of references prevents the reader from following up the statements and precludes him from checking the authorities.

Lt.-Col. St.-Johnston believes that there was everywhere in the Pacific an aboriginal population of negritos, who were followed later by Melanesians, and that both races were in existence in some islands in the Eastern Pacific up to within the last few centuries. When one considers the pygmy negritos of the Andaman Islands, of the Malay Peninsula, of the Philippines, and of New Guinea it is extremely difficult to believe that they had sufficient knowledge or skill to build ocean-going craft or the enterprise to undertake long and perilous voyages. It is still more unlikely, as the author suggests, that they were able to walk across vast areas of the Pacific, owing to upheavals of the bed of the ocean, since the great depths of the Pacific seem to preclude this possibility entirely. The author appears to regard the Papuan and the negrito as the same people, whereas most ethnologists regard them as distinct, though doubtless related in the very distant past. The usual view is that the Papuans, and possibly some negritos as well, spread more or less over Melanesia, and that in early times there arrived a migration of folk from the East Indian Archipelago who spoke an Austronesian language (about which the author is silent), and imposed their language and many of their customs, &c., on the negroid aborigines. This immigrant group, who interred their dead in a sitting position, practised communism, had a geometric art, believed in local spirits and practised magical rites, also populated Polynesia, being probably by that time more or less mixed with the Papuans of Melanesia, and possibly taking with them some of the latter as slaves. This would account for the negroid element which the early travellers noticed among the Polynesians. It does not seem probable that the true Papuans had sufficient maritime skill to make the great ocean voyages which would be necessary if they were to reach the Eastern Pacific, but this difficulty would be obviated if they were transported by expert sailors from Indonesia, or by their descendants. Later migrations from Indonesia brought other cultures into Melanesia, and those who went into Polynesia formed the chiefly classes, who introduced the drinking of kava and believed in the need for the preservation of the dead among the living. The last of the important migrations from Indonesia, that of the betel-chewers, did not get beyond Melanesia. So far the migrations into the Pacific have been traced back to Indonesia. Even the first swarm, which by amalgamation with the dark, woolly-haired Papuans constituted the primitive Melanesians, were probably a mixture of narrow-headed Indonesians and broad-headed Mongoloid people. The latter present no

difficulty, as they came south from Eastern Asia; the former probably migrated from North India, where peoples speaking languages of the Austric family are still to be found.

Lt.-Col. St.-Johnston's theory is quite different. He believes in two migrations of "Armenoids," one direct by sea to Indonesia, the other up the Indus and down the Ganges; but there is no trace now of Armenoids in North India. Thence, according to him, they drove out the local "Dravidians or Melano-Dravidians," who were noted builders in stone and were probably sun-worshippers. "When these reached Indonesia they mingled with the first of the 'Armenoids,' who had come round by sea, and the mixture—very little Armenoid—went to the Pacific to conquer the aborigines, take their women as wives, and found 'the Melanesian people.' They had sufficient knowledge of sailing, obtained from the early Armenoid people, to make their way from island to island . . . and in the course of centuries reached almost every island, and probably even America." He thinks that "the first start of the movement probably took place about 2500 B.C., when the earliest invasion of North-West India by the Turanian-speaking people occurred." He also believes that the "Polynesians" were later driven out of North India by the "Aryans," and reached Java not later than the fifth century B.C., which island they must have left not long after the beginning of the Christian era, and then followed the people he terms "Melanesians" into the Pacific. Thus, according to him, "the two great races [in the Pacific] (apart from the aboriginal negro) were the seafaring people from Mesopotamia and the Melano-Indians from India, the white race and the black race," the Sky-people and the Underworld people. The latter practised witchcraft, and brought in the fire-cult, sitting burial, mortised stone causeways and pavements and open-walled temples (but this stonework was probably due to the influence of the white race). The author thinks they brought in "the secret societies and the skull-cult. . . . they were the great upholders of human sacrifices, of the cult of Rongo. They were the laborers, the people by whose means the Polynesians were able to carry out the great buildings." The "Sky-people" "have left us the dolmens, the trilithons, the burial vaults, and perhaps the pyramids. . . . That section (the smaller one) of the 'Sky-people' who came entirely by the sea-route brought the pearl-shell cult, and held Burutu as their paradise. The other division of them, who came by the Indian route, regarded Avaiki as their home of the dead. Both branches of 'the fair people' brought in the old Semitic legends." He gives "the Flood legend of the ancient Polynesians recited verse by verse by the old priests of the Marquesas before there could be any possible question of missionary influence." The resemblance to the Biblical account is very remarkable. The author makes the following comments with regard to the two names for the mythical paradise: "Burutu, Bulotu, or Bulutu is the legendary 'home of the departed spirits' (which implies, of course, the land whence the ancestors came), but this particular place seems to be exclusive to the Fiji-Tonga-Samoan branch. . . . On the river Euphrates was a place from which this branch probably came. . . . Ava-iki among the people of the Pacific meant their paradise, the place their souls would eventually return to, and Avaiki, among the people of India, meant the fiery Hades, apparently very different ideas, yet, traced to their source, not really so incongruous as they seem. And they both arose from the real place Saba, which, in the course of centuries, had become thus mythical and legendary to the descendants of the original adventurers who had set out from it."

These quotations may be taken as a fair sample of Lt.-Col. St.-Johnston's methods. While there is a great deal that can be criticized in this book, there is also much information that is of value to students, and would have been more so if references had been given, such, for instance, as the account of the "logs" of early Polynesian voyages, the stone erections, the treatment of corpses, the connection of fire-worship and sun-worship and the like. The author somewhat disarms criticism, for he admits in his Preface "many of my answers are no doubt wrong—but we are none of us infallible, and least of all do I consider myself so, for ethnology to me is only a hobby."

A. C. H.

MUSIC AND MONARCHS.

Streaks of Life. By ETHEL SMYTH, Mus.Doc. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERYONE who read Dr. Smyth's "Impressions that Remained" will know what to expect from this supplementary volume. He will expect the wit, the dash, the daring of this remarkable and attractive character, and he will get them all. One thing he may expect, perhaps with some apprehension, and there he will be disappointed—we think agreeably disappointed. He will expect some relics of all that mashed or complicated sentimentality which so nearly ruined the vital interest of the second volume in the former work, and made the reading of it a puzzling toil. But, anyhow, in the present book we have Dr. Smyth almost always at her best, and we welcome once more the vivacity, the high spirits, and the wide sympathies of a woman of genius.

Only in her political comments does she fail, and fortunately they are few. Speaking of a friend on one page, she says that "she was the very antithesis of the sordidness and restlessness in the midst of which the professional politician thrives," while she admits that she "was a keen politician herself just then—as even artists become when their country is at war" (she is writing of the South African War). But we can only wish she had herself refrained from those sordidness and that restlessness, for, only two pages earlier, she has a passage containing a mistake in fact or in political judgment in almost every line.

However, we do not wish to be dragged into a controversy of twenty years ago (and Dr. Smyth is a formidable controversialist!), all the less because our politics owe her much for her valiant stand on behalf of Woman Suffrage. One must remember, too, that, springing from a military stock, and having a father whose mind moved upon the most characteristic and amusing military lines, all her instincts naturally blaze into military ardor at the first sound of the trumpet blowing for war. It is all the more gracious and significant of her genuinely artistic nature that, in spite of her bellicose detestation of the people whom she calls "Huns," she never fluctuates in her loyalty to German music or to the audiences and musicians to whose appreciation of art she herself chiefly owes her fame. It is true that, owing to the international hatred of England during the Boer War, her opera "Der Wald" was long delayed in Berlin, and was then violently condemned by the anti-English Press. But yet she writes with winning condonation:—

"My poor innocent 'Der Wald' was merely an excuse for an anti-Boer War demonstration—a convenient outlet for feelings I can well understand. I have nothing to gain by flattering Germany; years must elapse ere an English work can be produced there. But I owe too much to a country that loves opera enough to put it on the rates not to confess that at times I have said to myself I would rather risk failure there, than score a certain success elsewhere—such is the profound musical culture of this people!"

Equally generous is Dr. Smyth's estimate of the Kaiser, with whom she held two or three intimate conversations while he stood at the height of his power. We may quote a few sentences, some written in letters at the time, some since his collapse:—

"Among these (admirable) qualities were a constant preoccupation it is impossible to question with the welfare of his people, and a devotion to duty that made his day a ceaseless round of labor. I believe it began at 5 a.m. . . . None ever accused him of sacrificing duty to pleasure; indeed, such was his strenuousness that I fancy he was past caring for pleasure in any form, and neglected, as do many Germans, the margin of relaxation and temporary indifference to the main issue, which a long sojourn abroad has taught me is one of the strong points of England."

"His walk is splendid—just what you would expect—and the main effect is one of the greatest conceivable quickness of intelligence, and, strange to say, kindness and good manners. I don't know what else to call it, but it is the sense of naturalness and easiness."

"Among general things he said which interested me, were that the Duke of Connaught was a first-rate soldier, the King (Edward) very intelligent about taking up ideas, and that he 'had some hope of being listened to now and then' by him. At one time he said: 'I am one of those people who believe that as one would behave in private life,

so one must behave in politics"—this with tremendous emphasis and gravity."

"I was too unversed in political history to judge of his ruling weakness, instability, but again and again I was struck by his natural parts—his earnestness, his imaginativeness, the boldness of his spirit, the quickness of his brain, the picturesque yet incisive language he used, whether speaking English or German. And it was impossible, too, not to believe he was a *good* man."

There are similar passages, and the whole of that chapter called "A Winter of Storm" is of historic value. It shows how vanity, feeding daily upon the almost inconceivable flattery of a Court, may corrupt into ruin a nature of unusually high intelligence and character. Indeed, to us the most lasting impression left by a memorable book is, after all, the dull inanity of Courts. Of the ex-Empress Eugénie, of whom Dr. Smyth was a close personal friend, the picture is drawn with intimate sympathy. But the Court of the Empress had disappeared long before the time described, when, in silent dignity, she was living out the long last act of her tragic career. One of the chief delights in the whole book is the account of the Court under "The Great White Queen"—the "scratching about" on gold and silver plate, "the distinguished boredom, combined with a well-bred but unmistakable consciousness of occupying an enviable position," and the "Agag-like gait of the conversation":—

"Surely, I said to myself, the genius of this place must affect even the most brazen! With what invisible pitfalls is one surrounded, how terrible must be the penalties incurred by one false step, since all are keyed up, as a matter of habit, to this extraordinarily high pitch! No ups and downs of mood here, no enthusiasm, no individual opinions, and for Heaven's sake no originality! If the writing on the wall were to reveal itself (for there is writing on every wall, could one but detect it) you would read these words: 'Corners rounded off here while you wait.'"

The story how Dr. Smyth narrowly escaped bringing down the pillars of this courtly society as though by earthquake when she heedlessly advanced close up to the Sacred Hearthrug itself, on which it is unlawful for any to tread, save only Royalty alone, is worthy of its place in Mr. Lytton Strachey's book. And so is a good deal besides. The worst fault of the volume is the want of index. It is hardly pardonable.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Paris and Helen. By W. J. TURNER. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

Outlaws. By NANCY CUNARD. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

Terpsichore, and Other Poems. By H. T. WADE-GERY. (Waltham St. Lawrence, Golden Cockerel Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

It seems that the tradition of romantic narrative is returning to English verse, and the two recent poems which have found their way along it are Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Leda" and Mr. Turner's "Paris and Helen." The latter is altogether less sensuous and tangible than the former, but of finer and richer workmanship. It is constructed in three panels—Paris with Oenone on Ida, Paris at Corinth and his passage to Troy with Helen, and, lastly, the war. But of passion, drama, character, or, indeed, any human emotion this poem of remote pomps and traced splendors is utterly bereft; they would have ruffled the antique calm of its processional imagery, and when Paris sails to Troy with his earthly paradise it is not of love's fulfilment and dolorous price, but the "painted Amor carved upon the brow" that the poet sings. Paris, Helen, Hector, Aphrodite, Cassandra are all less vivid than the old woman gathering firewood on the Trojan shore when the Greek ships, ushering the strife which has beaten on the imaginations of so many other poets and tellers of old tales, rounded the Phrygian promontory. The human figures are no more essential to Mr. Turner's painted landscape than its "rocks and stones and trees," and contribute no more than they do to its moon-spun enchantments. Indeed, by their very coldness and isolation, the passionless stars live in this strange poem more potently than the forests, the seas, and their sailors of a world real only as an opulent fabric of art:—

"Hang in unfathomable gulfs the stars, ablaze
With revolution. Down their secret ways
Spinning in icy solitudes they go

Where no loud winds through the deep silence blow;
And there no spirits adrift on silver wings
With ardent faces touch Aeolian strings;
There are no gathered votaries, rapt and pale,
No wild-eyed congregations to cry 'hail'!
To Gods of stream or forest, moon or sun—
Gods in that everlasting cold are none:
Nor men, nor beasts, nor streams, nor trees, nor flowers,
No dawn nor evening, winter or summer hours,
No young Nymphs raising warm, white arms of love
Among dark myrtles in the Cyprian's grove,
But myriad constellations in a vice
Of frozen speed through dark transparent ice
Within a million forest rain-drops gleam
Glittering above three figures stretched in dream."

It will be seen that Mr. Turner handles and transforms an old verse-form, encrusted with the memories of the poetic past, with as much originality, freedom, and grace as he reincarnates an old theme and an old tradition. And it is a translation all into one key—his battles of Greeks and Trojans are as decorative, shadowy, and immemorial as his Idalian cascades and Corinthian cypresses. It is a ceremonious verse, copious with imagery—sometimes over-burdened—but the effects are as varied as between the subtlety of:—

"Here silence, with the voice of water bright,
Shone as there shines no Sun in all the world,"

and the magical simplicity of:—

"Strange in Greek waters, furled, blunt-nosed, and dark,
Her masts just stirring, rode the Trojan bark."

It is a poem which lacks the inwardness of the soul, and it is natural to think of it in terms of frieze, tapestry, carving, or rich dye—it is a work of art in the exact sense, not a secret or mystery of truth won from dark questioning. But in poetic mastery it is of sumptuous and singular power, and in accepting and remodelling an inheritance promises to transmit it recharged to the future. *

Miss Cunard's poems are of unequal quality, due rather to a wavering technique than any poverty of central fires. In total contrast from Mr. Turner's wide seas of phosphorescence, they are born of pent, interior stress and search, and contain but one poem ("The River Nene") which can be called even partially objective. One is tired enough of self-conjugation in modern verse, but Miss Cunard's duress of spirit is so intense and actual that her reader at once feels himself incidental to its expression, not the occasion for it. Pain, disillusion, mutability, vanity of quest, frustration, the unprofitableness of experience mingled with an intellectual pride and dignity are almost the whole story of these entirely genuine and strangely individual, if imperfect, poems. Poems of the *vie intime* of a troubled soul are apt to be bodied forth in raw and jagged outline, mere transmissions. But Miss Cunard well realizes that art is an interpreter, not a telegraph wire, and her verse, though rarely detached from personal inquisition, has an independent poise, movement, and even tranquillity. The best poems—"And If the End Be Now? . . ." "Wheels," "Evenings," "The Wreath," "Western Islands," "The Love Story"—are few, but they bear the full stamp of an inner tribulation expressed in such lines as:—

"Love has destroyed my life, and all too long
Have I been enemy with life, too late
Unlocked the secrets of existence! there
Found but the ashes of a fallen city
Stamped underfoot, the temple of desires
Run through with fire and perished with defeat."

Miss Wade-Gery's "Terpsichore" is the second book printed (in a very agreeable format) by the Golden Cockerel Press, a co-operative society of young men and women founded as a protest against the commercialization of the book trade through the middleman separating the author from the working printer. The poems are largely pastoral and love songs, catches and masques in the madrigal tradition, charmingly fresh and gay, if slight and a trifle loose in structure:—

"Like Earth's beautiful dreamlessness
Between Autumn and Spring,
So the soft night motionless
Comes o'er everything—
From the thyme no perfume; from the birds no song;
And the horses sleep in the pastures all night long."

These are a few lines taken by chance from a collection of songs of a tripping grace and lightness of touch—rare in these heavy days of equally heavy verse.

Foreign Literature.

SCHNITZLER, SUDERMANN, AND HALBE.

Flink und Fliederbusch. Von ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. (Berlin : Fischer.)

Die Schwestern, oder Casanova in Spa. Von ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. (Berlin : Fischer.)

Die entgötterte Welt. Von HERMANN SUDERMANN. (Stuttgart : Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.)

Die Raschoffs. Von HERMANN SUDERMANN. (Stuttgart : Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.)

Hortense Ruland. Von MAX HALBE. (Munich : Langen.)

There have been many changes in the German stage since August, 1914. The theatre, it is true, has not ceased to be what it always was—the predominant and most characteristic medium of literary self-expression the Germans possess. But new men have arisen, a whole array of playwrights, most of whom were unknown before the war—these are holding the serious German stage as far as the present taste for the foreign drama, especially Wilde and Shaw, and the demand for certain of the old favorites, will allow. Inevitably, too, these "new men" have introduced what at least seems like a new tendency, even though we realize, on reflection and analysis, that it is most often nothing more than an emphasis of an old one.

Whatever new writers and new tendencies there may be, however, we shall find, on a survey of the German stage and of German dramatic literature of the past two years, a number of landmarks, a number of dramatists whose most recent work shows no change of character from that by which they brought themselves into their present established position. As you read the latest plays of this group of well-known writers, or see them performed, you will recapture the same atmosphere as that in which you studied them before the war; you will in part be able to realize the astonishingly small changes the passage of such terrible years has brought about in literary genius which, so to speak, has "set." Most prominent among the writers we have in mind are Gerhart Hauptmann, Arthur Schnitzler, Hermann Sudermann, and Max Halbe. Of these it will not be necessary to discuss the first beyond saying, as was argued at length in the article, "The Late Hauptmann," which appeared in *THE ATHENÆUM* for July 2nd last, that those works of his which have been published during or subsequent to the war are an intensification of that trend in the direction of mysticism and poetry which certain of his writings before August, 1914, already sufficiently indicated. But the other three, showing, if possible, even less change, less development, are equally worth studying. Any consideration of the German stage to-day would of necessity begin—or end, according to one's bias—with a discussion of their most recently written or most recently produced plays, the titles of which are given at the head of this review.

The English reader or theatre-goer knows of Arthur Schnitzler—of Schnitzler the dramatist, that is—chiefly as the writer of "Anatol," admirably adapted by Mr. Granville Barker, or of "Liebelei," widely known, at least to the American public, under the title of "Playing with Love." And, of course, both works are entirely representative. They do not know so well that Schnitzler with a taste for "local" satire, the writer of "Professor Bernhardi." The comedy or, more strictly, farce of Viennese newspaper life, "Flink und Fliederbusch," will therefore seem less familiar. It may be also less comprehensible, for the finer points of this play, which was written during the war, will be perceived only by him who has some acquaintance with the peculiar conditions of journalism in Vienna before the November Revolution. The foundation of the plot is the writing of one man for two rival political journals, and the complications which ensue. At this date, apart from the brilliance of its dialogue, it might almost be called a historical document. But as long as remembrance of political intrigue and newspaper rivalry—here thinly disguised—remains fresh, so long will this play be read or seen with appreciation.

There is more permanence in Schnitzler's second play. The farcical material of "Flink und Fliederbusch" is very cleverly handled, but the interest is liable to evaporate in the course of time. "Casanova in Spa," on the other hand, is just as clever; there is a brilliant handling of situation: the blank verse is a model of lightness—at least for

Germany, so poor in good comedies. But the play is not superficial, no more superficial than one of Congreve's. It has its roots in the fundamental weakness of humanity, and the character-drawing by which that weakness is portrayed is of enduring value. The plot is a simple one. At Spa there are two friends, called "the sisters," Anna and Flaminia. Casanova, violently enamored of the second, bestows his love on the first by mistake. The unravelling of this farcical entanglement, the quarrels of the rivals when they discover the facts, the intervention of their respective husbands, until Casanova is borne off suddenly by his Neapolitan mistress, and the knot is cut—all this is but the background for sparkling dialogue and for one or two delicately contrasting studies in character. The result is one of the most remarkable comedies of manners in modern German literature.

Sudermann's latest plays, too, are comedies of manners. But their period is the present or the recent past, not the eighteenth century. "Die entgötterte Welt" is a volume containing three plays, of which two, "Das höhere Leben" and "Die Freundin," have in the past few months been given with tremendous success on the Berlin stage. The "godless world" is that of before the war. In Sudermann's eyes it had scarcely a redeeming feature. Germany was decaying morally, her decadence represented by the false "friend" of the first play, Juliane, whose intrigues ruin three lives before her headlong career is cut short. Public morality was also fast disappearing; in the second play the theme is of backstairs scheming in connection with the Berlin municipality's project for a new municipal theatre. In "Das höhere Leben"—an ironical title, of course—the subject is again moral decadence, fashionable love-intrigue. In "Die Raschoffs," father is pitted against son in a struggle for the guilty love of an actress, the older man committing suicide in desperation in the final scene. If we cared to analyze all four plays from the point of view of Sudermann's intellectual development, we should probably find a change. He has become, in comparison with the rebellious Sudermann of "Die Ehre" and "Die Heimat," old-fashioned, "correct," evidently disapproving of the unconventionalism he formerly championed. Artistically, however, it is the same Sudermann, as "romantic-realistic" as ever, reconciling all the psychological improbabilities in which his plays abound by the same extraordinary gift for situation, for exciting dialogue, just respectably short of vulgar melodrama, the same unparalleled sense of the theatre—in short, the same sure dramatic craftsmanship and *flair* for "what the public wants."

In "Hortense Ruland," as in Halbe's earlier plays, the romantic and the melodramatic predominate. Hortense is a passionate, mysterious creature, married to a man, an archivist and historian, with no eyes for anything beyond his books. He, therefore, is completely blind to his wife's various intrigues, in the course of which she betrays herself into the magic power of a sinister figure, the Judge Sirius. From this she can finally escape only by means of the poison given her by the wise man Nüchterlin. The mingling of realism, even comic realism, as in the characterization of the ridiculous pedant, Ruland, with the terror and wonder associated with most of the remaining characters, is disconcerting when one considers the play as a whole. But the purely "magical" scenes have a remarkably uncanny atmosphere about them, the vague suggestion of supernatural evil is well conveyed. Max Halbe, not quite so definitely and confidently as Sudermann and Schnitzler, but still quite unmistakably, pursues the path along which his earlier successes were achieved.

Books in Brief.

The Pageant of Parliament. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH. Two vols. (Unwin. 36s. net.)

MR. MACDONAGH's thirty-five years' experience of Parliament has not wearied or disillusioned him. He is the constant one who finds in his beloved all the virtues he desires to be there. Parliamentary government is not a means to an end; it is the magnificent end itself. No matter what social system may replace the present one, Mr. MacDonagh cannot vision one in which our Parliamentary

government does not hold its old place. There are many who believe that that form of government has already passed away since the régime of Mr. George, but Mr. MacDonagh knows nothing about that. The foundations of Parliament, he says, "were never deeper or better laid than they are to-day, broad-based as they are on electoral comprehensiveness and the people's will . . . it is, perhaps, as fine and perfect an instrument of democratic government as can humanly be devised. . . . It is idle, in the light of experience, to talk of its being clumsy, inefficient, slow. More than ever does it make possible the closest and quickest impact of the country's mind upon government and administration. . . . Parliament is fully capable of accomplishing whatever may be asked of it, in the changing thoughts of men, probably, till the end of all time." That is what has happened to Mr. MacDonagh, as it has to many another good man. But this institution-worship does not detract from the value or interest of Mr. MacDonagh's real purpose. He essays a portrait of Parliament, and in this he succeeds very well. This is not a history, though it is packed with historical facts and loaded with traditions. It is a description of the actualities and technicalities of Parliament written by one who knows how to entertain and to instruct. Mr. MacDonagh, who is steeped in the lore of his subject, knows the value of personal stories to keep interest awake. His volumes are studded with them. An amusing illustration of Disraeli's hustings oratory is given, and there is a contrasting one of John Stuart Mill. In a pamphlet Mill had said that the working classes, though ashamed of lying, were generally liars. "This statement was printed on a placard by Mill's opponent and aroused against Mill the animosity of the working men of the division (Westminster). At one meeting he was asked whether he had really written such a thing. He at once answered, 'I did,' and scarcely were the words out of his mouth when, as he states in his 'Autobiography,' vehement applause burst forth."

* * *

William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement. By J. BRUCE GLASIER. (Longmans. 6s. 6d.)

THE fear which assails the reader at the opening page, where he is invited to consider Morris on an equal plane with Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo in the eminence and variety of their gifts, that he is in for a period of unmeasured and fatuous hero-worship, is quickly dispelled. Bruce Glasier's enthusiasm is certainly without measure, but it is never ridiculous. Indeed, this is a surprising book, for it reveals that Bruce Glasier possessed a gift which would have secured him a position as a writer had he not devoted his whole energy to political propaganda. It is not entirely because this portrait of Morris agrees with all the other portraits that it convinces us as being true. The author, who died last year, beguiled the days of his long illness in writing the book. The manner of its making is interesting. Glasier found that his memory on many occasions was subject to a sort of "illumination" or "inspiration." Thus, he says, "when I have fixed my mind on one, say, of the incidents recalled in these chapters, the scene has begun to unfold itself, perhaps slowly at first, but afterwards rapidly and clearly. Meditating upon it for a time, I have lifted my pen and begun to write. Then, to my surprise, the conversations, long buried or hidden somewhere in my memory, have come back to me, sometimes in the greatest fullness, word for word, as we say. Nay, not only the words, but the tones, the pauses, and the gestures of the speaker." We get the veritable voice of the poet in these conversations on art, religion, Socialism. We see the man himself, broad, sturdy, bearded, overcharged with energy, in his eyes a "penetrating, far-away, impenetrable gaze," with a kind of glow about him, "such as we see lighting up the faces in a room when a beautiful child comes in." We forbear to quote stories Glasier tells of Morris, for there is a good one to every page. An estimate of Glasier's critical judgment can be gathered from this comparison: Ruskin and Carlyle "both posed as men of higher spiritual calling, higher moral and intellectual perception, than the mass of their fellows. . . . With Ruskin the people are always 'You'; with Carlyle they are even farther away, they are 'They'; but with Morris the people are always 'We.'"

From the Publishers' Table.

WE understand that Mr. Asquith is engaged in writing a monograph on the Papacy.

* * *

WE announced recently the standard edition of Leigh Hunt's poems which Mr. Humphrey Milford is preparing. This edition, we understand, is approaching completion; and it will contain practically all Hunt's printed verse, including his brilliant political parodies, his translations, and his dramatic writings. In addition, there will be materials not previously printed. The "Juvenilia" will be omitted; and, indeed, it would be a pity if they were not.

* * *

AN interesting volume, particularly in the present revival of the Victorian age as a period worth attention, is "Hospitality England in the 'Seventies," which Mr. Lane will publish. The writer, Richard H. Dana, came to England almost fifty years ago with letters of introduction from his father (who wrote "Two Years before the Mast"), from Longfellow and Lowell; and he had therefore a considerable experience of the intellectual and social world of the time. His volume is based on the diary which he then kept.

* * *

"THE ROYAL AND BISHOPS' PALACES IN OLD LONDON," by Wilberforce Jenkinson, is to be published shortly by the S.P.C.K. The book is based on extensive researches in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century literature. The same publishers announce a small volume of nature study, "Mountain and Moorland," by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

* * *

THOSE who wonder how the Elizabethan dramatists wrote so well should turn to an article on Anthony Munday in "The Library" for March. Strength lay in numbers. Thus Robert Wilson, junr., began to compose a stage version of "Richard Cœur de Lion's Funerall," but immediately had to enlist the services of Chettle. Munday next lent a hand, but the Funerall was far from being over; and had not the party been enlarged by the attestation of Drayton, it seems that the masterpiece would have remained fragmentary.

* * *

AMONG recent publications in America, the "Collected Legal Papers" of Oliver Wendell Holmes (Harcourt), an *exposé* of "Miracle Mongers and their Methods," by Houdini (Dutton), and "Edgar Allan Poe: How to Know Him," by Charles A. Smith (Bobbs-Merrill), attract our attention. We note also a reissue of "The Prince and the Pauper" for the use of schools, and wish we could interview Mark Twain upon it.

* * *

MR. ALEYN LYELL READE, whose first two volumes of "Johnsonian Gleanings" aroused such enthusiasm in scholarly circles some years since, announces the third part of the work. This part is entitled "The Doctor's Boyhood," and, with the fourth part, it is claimed, includes all that is vital in previous literature on the subject, together with the fruit of much new research in printed and unprinted sources. Subscribers—the edition is limited to 350 copies—are asked to apply to the author at Treleaven House, Blundellsands. The price of the new part is a guinea.

* * *

Two pamphlets of interest to students of Shakespeare have just been issued in small editions by Mr. J. D. Parsons (45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick). The first, "Stratford-upon-Avon Gravestones and Inscriptions," discusses the disappearance of the old, crude inscription, known as the "uncouth mixture," on Shakespeare's tombstone. By what authority and for what reason, Mr. Parsons asks, has it been "silently suppressed," since 1820? and why have Shakespeare authorities been so reticent or apathetic about the "suppression"?

* * *

THE other pamphlet, styled "Another's Name," inquires into the references to "Labeo" in Hall and in Marston, and seeks to show that Labeo was the author of "Venus and

Adonis." It is a difficult research, and Mr. Parsons's arguments, though sincere and careful, are somewhat slender. For instance, he does not hesitate to read "Petrarch" as a mask for "Plutarch"; and where Hall laughs at Labeo for beginning each stanza with "But oh," he makes for an identification on the strength of one such instance in "Venus and Adonis."

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: SOME "TIMES" ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE "Times" of 1821 was generally more than half devoted to advertisements, which throw some light on the life of the eminently respectable of the day. Perhaps it would be unfair to take them all as serious comments on reality, though there is something very serious in the many announcements of ships outward bound (the "fast steam packets" were much before the public), of situations required, of academies and seminaries, and houses to be sold. Such advertisements formed the majority, and we need not dwell upon them, for they vary but little through the ages. One main branch of advertising was that of new publications, which regularly claimed a column or more. Evidently literature and daily life were not then widely parted.

The notices which are perhaps worth a reference have a curious aspect after a hundred years, either because of their remoteness or their unexpected familiarity. The "Times" no longer admits this type:—

"PIPING BULLFINCHES. Von der Hütten has arrived from Germany with a fine collection of Piping Bullfinches, which pipe 'God save the King,' 'Marlbrook,' 'Young Collin,' 'Lieber Augustine,' marches, waltzes and contredances: likewise German Canaries; they sing the nightingale's and titlark's notes; are to be SOLD at 120, S. Martin's Lane."

Piping bullfinches are not now so marketable, but is it possible that a trade in linnets goes on? A pleasanter musical advertisement was that of "Self-playing Pianofortes and Organs." For singers, "Ambrosial Roseate Pastilles" were strenuously recommended.

Hats were occasionally the subject of these paragraphs. For ladies and children, "Leghorn, Straw, Chip, and Fancy Bonnets" doubtless possessed their charms; while gentlemen were doubtless distinguished by their wearing R. Lloyd's Beaver Hats (twenty-five shillings each). Mr. Lloyd was author of a shilling treatise on hats, then in its third edition. Gentlemen who took their walks abroad were advised to take with them as a protection against street robberies a device called the sword umbrella. We are sorry to think that they were not all safe even with such a weapon; for one very touching notice is to "The Gentleman who left home on Saturday, the 14th instant," from his wife, who held out every possible concession.

It is interesting to know that the "Sudatorium" (or, we suppose, Turkish bath) dates from before this time. Electrical baths, whatever they were, are also advertised. "Improved writing and copying machines, truly useful for counting houses," at first suggests the primitive typewriter, particularly as a portable variety is specially mentioned. The apparatus was doubtless akin to the likewise useful "Polygraph, for writing with two or more pens." Other bright shoots of inventiveness were the "Eupyrion, or Light in Darkness," an outfit including a hundred matches and a bottle of mystery (N.B.—No phosphorus) in which to dip them and secure flame; "Syphon Cocks," made because of "the importance of drawing beer without a vent plug"; the "Shadowless Table Lamp"; "Invisible Fences"; and "Razor Rectifiers." "Artificial Mineral Teeth" were supplied. In such an advanced commonwealth, it is curious to note the sway of patent, then called public, medicines. "Double Strong Jamaica Wine for the Spasms" was doubtless a real restorer, but for the others (especially "Asthmatic Candy") nothing can be said. Of course, the twentieth century has changed all that.

Science.

THE SENSE OF PROBABILITY.

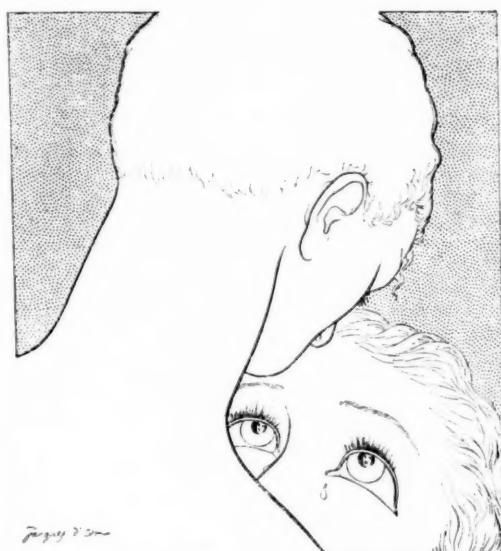
Both youth and old age abound in convictions. Young men and old men are peculiarly prone to exhibit a perfect knowledge of good and evil, to have settled opinions on the nature of God and on the question of the immortality of the soul, to know that the Universe is a mechanism or else an "appearance," curiously misleading to timeless souls. Scepticism is, on the whole, an affair of middle age; experience has destroyed the ignorant certitudes of youth, and the mind is still sufficiently active not to require the props of fatigued old age. It is the most interesting and representative of mental attitudes: interesting for the measure of its adequacy to the subtlety of life, and representative because its plasticity and tolerance give it a better guarantee than any list of rigid certainties could afford that it expresses something essential in the man. In so far as a man may have an "outlook," a *Weltanschauung*, it is at this period of his life that he must discover it. It might seem that the absence of complete conviction was incompatible with anything that could be called an "outlook," but it will be found that a man's outlook is exhibited, not by definite statements he would be willing to sign, but by a certain tone and temper of the mind, or, to speak less vaguely, by his sense of probability. There is nothing more elusive or more difficult to define than a sense of probability, and there is nothing which more profoundly and persistently determines a man's whole life. It is, of course, dependent on experience, but also, and to a considerable extent, it seems to be, as we call it, innate. Not all men who have received, for instance, a scientific education have a scientific outlook, and, on the other hand, there have been men completely without scientific knowledge or training whose attitude towards the problems of their time was truly scientific.

The scientific outlook, like any other, is extremely hard to define, but it reduces, when analyzed, to a certain sense of probability. This sense of probability may manifest itself as no more than a natural leaning towards certain types of explanation; when reinforced by education it may become a conscious, and even scornful, dismissal of all other types of explanation. There are minds, for instance, who attach magic properties to numbers, who, if they can discover some particularly significant number in the letters of a man's name, do not dismiss their discovery as a mere meaningless coincidence, but are willing to assume that the Universe has been designed to illustrate some of the odder propositions of elementary arithmetic. Indubitably great men, as Plato and Pythagoras, were not free from this tendency; the followers of "magic," in every age and country, are extreme examples of it. A true mental peculiarity must be admitted here; what Mach calls the "unique psychic individuality" of these people has something common to all of them, and quite foreign to the scientific mind. We have chosen this example because no scientific doctrine or theory is contradicted by assigning magic properties to numbers; the immediate aversion to such an ascription, on the part of a scientific man, is due wholly to his sense of probability. An explanation of the Universe which issues from the alluring properties of the numbers 3 and 7, for example, will not command his attention. Even when the explanation wears a slightly more scientific air, as when positive and negative electricity, male and female, fire and water, are instances as partial manifestations of the universal positive and negative principles which inform the world, he feels no need to disprove a doctrine so inherently unpleasing. The fact that even now, when palmists and crystal-gazers, all kinds of magicians, flourish, the bulk of the people do not naturally turn to magic for assistance in their difficulties, shows that a genuine change of mentality has occurred during historic time. There are still philosophers who, like Hegel, are magicians at heart, and there is hardly one of us who is entirely free from all forms of superstition. But the non-scientific outlook is declining; a new sense of probability has grown steadily since Galileo

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POPE & BRADLEY
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NARCISSUS

CREATIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE THOUGHT.

All the most beautiful things in life are inarticulate. The most wonderful books remain unwritten. The most wonderful plays remain unspoken. The most wonderful dreams remain uncaptured.

What is the reason for this delicate silence?

Should the true artist waste the golden hours of life on the writing of a word, whilst in possession of the youth which enables him to love and to live? Should the energy of the fine emotions be prostituted to a pen, whilst the arms are yearning to capture some real creation?

THE WORD.

The illusive millennium always remains on an ever-distant horizon. We merely exist in a savagely commercial age, an age in which we are compelled to work to provide a material minimum. And if we are fortunate we are rewarded by an occasional kiss from Life.

None of us to-day can afford to be anything but materialistic. Materialism is the only thing understood or accounted of value. But if we are constrained to struggle in this pestilential morass we must concede to it no more than necessity compels.

Materialism has laid its slimy trail on creative literature, and has made niggards of us all.

THE DEED.

And so to-day Commerce is niggardly with her fruits to you and to me.

This House should really charge a unique figure for its material creations. But that figure would be beyond the capacity of the majority whose spending powers have been over-reached.

Therefore, since trade has been maintained, the charges have been reduced to mere production costs. And at the end of 1921 my Income Tax return will represent a complete simplicity. Nought from nought leaves nothing.

This is a sad fact for me and the Chancellor. But I hope we are both sportsmen.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, rewarded, and this sacrifice of profits will create a wonderful good will for Pope & Bradley. Which is really an original thing to create in these days of universal bad will.

The following prices, which will be maintained throughout the year, are actually quoted at cost. This may sound like a beautiful lie, but to me it is a disturbing truth. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
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Real Scotch Tweed

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recognised by looking for this mark on the
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"Pure" means that there is no cotton in it. "New" means that the wool is virgin fleece, straight from the sheep instead of old clothes torn up and remanufactured. "Made in Scotland" means that your Suit, Overcoat or Lady's Costume has the colour, design and workmanship characteristic of Scotland.

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SW 153



dropped stones from the leaning tower of Pisa, and although we still choose witch-doctors for our governors, we pay less and less attention to their incantations.

It is interesting to discover, in analyzing what we have called the scientific outlook, that its basis is largely illogical. It is obvious that a sense of probability may be modified by experience; the child who thinks that the pretty and lively flame would make an attractive playfellow is judging probabilities on a too limited experience; those whose hearts are warmed by the newspaper statement that the Allies are in perfect agreement have not read it a sufficient number of times before; but the fact that man's sense of probability changes very slowly from this cause is evident to the most cursory student of history. And the scientific outlook, as we have said, does not apply only to matters which can be verified or disproved by experience. There are whole systems of philosophy which are immune from experimental contradiction, and which are nevertheless dismissed as incredible. This dismissal is sometimes partially due to a mere feeling of strangeness. A man may be called upon to consider a type of explanation which lies wholly outside his customary ways of thinking; hypotheses may be invoked which are merely unprecedented.

We may instance Spiritualism as a specimen of a class of hypotheses which, in spite of the supposed prevalence of a supernatural religion, is extremely strange to most people. Even a professing Christian, who officially believes in the existence of billions of discarnate spirits, is often found, in practice, to think fraud more probable than miracle. To turn to a more significant example, it cannot be doubted that a large part of the opposition to Einstein's theory was based on its mere strangeness; the mind was asked to consider a wholly new type of explanation, and inertia was translated into hostility. But if, in investigating non-scientific explanations, we are conscientious enough to overcome our initial feeling of aversion, we often find that we can more thoroughly neglect these explanations on discovering how they came about. A knowledge of the pedigree of a belief is often sufficient to kill it. The early confusion of primitive man between the subjective and the objective, his tendency to hypostatize his ideals, provide the ancestry of most of the non-scientific beliefs in the world to-day. An Indian chief named Chuan is stated to have held the belief that a stone could be thrown farther across an ordinary land surface than across a gulf, the reason being that the gulf attracts a stone in the same way as it attracts a man standing on its edge; both objects have an inclination to precipitate themselves into the abyss. A not very dissimilar confusion was probably the origin of the notion of "forces of attraction," than which no idea has enjoyed, until recently, greater prestige in the history of science. Part of the merit of Einstein's theory is that it enables one to dispense with this conception.

The hypostatization of ideals, also, is responsible for innumerable philosophies from Plato's time to our own. A knowledge of the disreputable origins of an idea is not, it must be admitted, a logical argument against its validity: in practice, nevertheless, it is a very powerful argument, for if we see exactly what accidents of training, heredity, and circumstance have led a man to hold an idea we find initially improbable, we are apt to refuse it any further attention. What Santayana calls the life of Reason has been, in fact, a very slow process of discovery: man has learned to mistrust certain elements in himself and to trust others; but those elements which he ignores and even suppresses are not eradicated. To be rational is to live precariously, to maintain an unstable balance between a slothful conservatism and a too daring fertility: in Santayana's words, every sane man is a dullard holding a lunatic in leash. There are certain movements of the mind we have learned to distrust, and, however subtle and sublimated their manifestations may be, we still distrust them. It is this racial experience which helps to form our present sense of probability. To the scientific man a non-scientific explanation is a lapse, a falling behind, a betrayal of the conquest over his too erratic and untrustworthy self that man has already

achieved. The scientific outlook, that particular sense of probability, is not an individual achievement, the product of a few years in a laboratory; it is the final outcome of an age-old experience, of the courage, humility, and self-discipline of the race.

S.

Music.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATIONS.

ONE of the most gratifying things about the present state of music in England is the interest that is taken in the young composers. As long as they are at an age when it is a joy to get a work performed at all, they seem to find plenty of people willing to give them a hearing. Not much is said about later performances, for the young composers are so prolific of ideas that a new work is always ready for performance before concert-givers can begin to consider a second performance of the earlier one. As the young composers pass on into middle age they begin to complain of neglect. They are not in such a hurry to compose. They find themselves in the curious position of being well known, one might almost say famous, as composers of music, while the actual works that have brought them fame are completely forgotten. No wonder that they inveigh against the tyranny of the eternal classics. They forget that one very important reason why so much classical music is played over and over again at concerts is because it lies ready to hand. The score and parts are in the cupboard, and it can be played safely without rehearsal.

At the Queen's Hall concert last Saturday there appeared two English composers whose names are very much better known than their works—Dr. Ethel Smyth and Professor Granville Bantock. It was interesting to hear their music on a fairly large scale after the innumerable novelties that have lately been put before us. Widely differing as they are in personality, they yet present certain points of resemblance. Both of them in their day set out to be revolutionaries, although both of them wrote the sort of music that our younger composers would consider hopelessly old-fashioned. Yet of their generation these two have more points of contact with the young than some others who are still living. It is not that they were so much in advance of their age, but rather that they have always done their best to keep up with it. Had they been German instead of English, such works as "The Wreckers" and the "Hebridean Symphony" would have had much more frequent performances in their own country, though at the expense, not of the classics, but of the younger generation. If they had had more frequent performances in England, their composers might have had more opportunities for self-criticism, and at the same time other musicians, both composers and listeners, might have learned more from the observation of their merits.

The struggle for recognition has, on both of these composers, had an unfortunate effect. Dr. Smyth has always been the more orthodox of the two in purely musical outlook, but she has always been intensely conscious, as readers of her wonderful memoirs may note, of the disabilities imposed upon her sex. It is this consciousness of injustice that has given so much of her music its exaggerated vehemence. The great love-duet from "The Wreckers" is much more vehemence than passionate; its vehemence even destroys its passion. One of the most admirable qualities of "The Boatswain's Mate" was its hard brilliance, its resolute refusal to make the slightest approach towards sentimentality. It was the right spirit in which to set a comedy opera. Austerity is certainly an even more admirable quality in tragedy. "The Wreckers" might have been more nobly austere if Dr. Smyth had laid more restraint on what I must call the rhetoric of its passion. This scene of violent embraces on the stage is strangely and finely devoid of all voluptuousness. The composer approaches a Wagnerian situation with the reticence of Brahms.

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(May)

She has, both as a composer and as an autobiographer, an inbred subconscious sense of style. It forbids her, I suspect, even to think of style as a thing appertaining to music or literature. She is determined to be as forcible as she possibly can, but there are certain things—they may be harmonic sequences, they may be literary turns of phrase—which her instinctive breeding never for a moment regards as possible. I cannot think that she consciously rejects them; they simply do not occur to her imagination. But her physical and nervous energy as well as her remarkable swiftness of intellect carry her along too fast. The duet makes too many climaxes at short distances; it is so unceasingly forcible that it loses real force. It was at a great disadvantage in the concert room; certain movements imperatively demanded the stage. The two singers, Miss Rosina Buckman and Mr. John Coates, did their best to compensate for it by an exaggeratedly dramatic style of singing that made one feel the want of the stage all the more. What gives Dr. Smyth's music its distinction is its bleak severity of outline. It is essential to her, and not the result of inadequate technical skill. She possesses technique enough for what she wants to express. She seems to take little interest in orchestral effects. Her scoring is direct and plain; her aims are clearness and forcefulness. She would regard it as dishonorable, I imagine, to mystify her audience with strange combinations of sounds, with groupings of notes or instruments that cannot be at once identified.

The Hebrides and the cliffs of Cornwall present some similarity of subject for musical treatment, but the mentality of Professor Bantock is utterly different from that of Dr. Smyth. In all that he writes there is a conscious exhibition of technical skill. It is never a vulgar parade; it comes of a respect for technique in composition that could never allow him to make light of it. His weakness as a composer is his want of style. Dr. Smyth has never had to put herself to the trouble of learning what style is; Professor Bantock, for all his learning and accomplishment, has never been able to learn that one lesson. The "Hebridean Symphony" hesitates uncertainly between symphony and symphonic poem. Symphonic poems, in so far as they have shown lasting powers, are much the same thing as symphonies. The form may be different, but, after all, the word *symphony* is a good deal older than Haydn. A symphonic poem, if it has any sense, must have some abstract musical form; as long as the form is musically logical it does not matter what it is. The trouble with composers of symphonic poems, even when their works have structural coherence, is that they tend to write second-hand music. They base them on a story which is like an opera libretto, a thing made not to unfold a drama, but to provide a libretto for an opera. For such conventional operatic scenarios there are conventional musical phrases. Diaphanous mists, stormy seas, clansmen and pirates—these are the stock-in-trade of the scene-painter and costumier. The real things in the "Hebridean Symphony" are the Hebridean melodies. These are quite enough material for a symphony without the "lapping of waters" and the "landing of a hostile fleet." The interminable reiteration of a trumpet figure, which no one who heard the symphony can possibly forget, has its justification in purely musical reasons. The whole symphony hangs together as a piece of music. The programme does not matter—one need not read it; what does matter is the waste of time taken up by conventional material which may illustrate the programme, but does not contribute to the real musical structure of the symphony. Dr. Smyth's thought moves rapidly, too rapidly at times; Professor Bantock's moves slowly and cumbrously. The "Hebridean Symphony" has not been many years in existence, yet it is curiously primitive in execution compared with such a thing as Debussy's "La Mer," in spite of its modern harmonies. It is curious that Professor Bantock's music is often described in programmes as if it were vague and "atmospheric." It is nothing of the kind. The symphony is extremely clear and definite, admirably planned as an organic whole. Its primitiveness, even its cumbrousness, are not of themselves qualities incompatible with greatness. Its

romantic conventions are so old-fashioned that they have a certain air of classicism which hardly detracts from the genuine dignity and deep idealism which are at the foundation of the work. It is for the sake of their ideals that the larger works of both Professor Bantock and Dr. Smyth deserve to be heard more often in London.

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ON INTERPRETING OTHELLO.

"OTHELLO" the play is called, but Othello is not the name of the principal character. Naïvely seduced by the glamor of the title *rôle*, actor-managers (like Tree) admirably endowed for the part of Iago have put themselves on for the Moor—disastrously. Only a fine Iago can hold together this tragic puppet-show of which he pulls all the strings, and "Who is Iago?" is the question everyone asks as soon as a revival of the play is announced. In judging any performance of "Othello," one must take the Iago first, since he makes or mars it.

In Mr. J. B. Fagan's new production at the Court, Mr. Basil Rathbone has the part. He plays it (consciously or not) in the tradition of Edmund Kean. "Iago in his hands," says Kean's biographer, "became a gay, light-hearted monster, a careless, cordial, comfortable villain, ready to ruin a woman's reputation with a merry jest, or willing to murder a friendly life with a graceful sword-thrust." Such was Kean's conception of the character, and the result of it has been that Iago is not one of the parts by which he is remembered. Yet he has had many followers, who have made the Ancient, as he did, a restless, shifty, shallow rascal. It is a fatal error, and there comes to the mind's eye, as one writes, the image of the best Iago (it is fairly safe to say) that England has known in the last twenty years, the late Frank Rodney, of the Benson Company. He understood that there was no element of the *flâneur* in this deep, passionate personality, ever meditating and enlarging on his slight or fancied injuries. He realized the need of immobility—an immobility that now seemed rock-like faithfulness, now gleamed like the black eye of a treacherous tarn. His business of extinguishing the two candle-flames with his dagger at the end of the Council scene was, no doubt, a piece of conventional trap, but so was not the tense, brooding figure poised Sphinx-like above them. One recalls, too, the profound, paternal distress on his face as he hurried in on Desdemona's call to offer consolation. When this Iago said at the last, "From this time forth I never will speak word," he proffered no petty annoyance, but locked up an abyss for ever. A "Spartan dog," indeed—

"More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,"—and deeper, too.

By remembering all that Rodney was, we realize all that Mr. Basil Rathbone is not. A bit of a tiger-cat this Iago is, no doubt, an ugly customer like M. Rigaud Blandois, but with not much more method or motive in his villainy. Mr. Rathbone is always making the audience laugh with the pungency of Iago's wit; as he strolls through the play with his lithe, graceful movements, you miss the cigarettes between his fingers. He is critical, peevish, spiteful—anything you like, but not dangerous. Gradually the conviction gains on you that here is an Iago who would hamstring no Lieutenants, bring about no murders. He would be far more likely to publish a war-diary, "Cyprus, 1490-1504," by "A.I," and in that way effectively blast Othello's reputation. Mr. Rathbone gives us a delicate study, a cleverly executed study, but not for a moment the Colossus needed to sustain this mighty tragedy.

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self all over and putting on a little kindly sunburn, nor will we plunge into the new controversy that has arisen between Mr. Fagan and his critics over the relative ages of Othello and Iago. We will not even raise the question (which would be hard to answer) how far Shakespeare clearly distinguished in his mind between a Moor and a negro. We will take a conservative position involving two points only—first, that Othello was thought too old a match for Desdemona; secondly, that most people seem to have agreed that he was a grim-looking personage. "To fall in love with what she feared to look on!" says Desdemona's father; he is, no doubt, prejudiced, but the general view is pretty much the same. Mr. Tearle, then, might with advantage have looked a bit more ebony, but, apart from that, his grizzled, grave, punctilious, and visibly slow-witted Moor was a very satisfying Othello. He was no mere sign, "At the Saracen's Head," but an individual African, a particular nigger (we had almost said), and no other. Here he is, "perplexed in the extreme," albeit of a "free and open nature." Terrifying he is when he murmurs:—

"It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad,"

—because we realize with a tremor that his forbears have always beaten tom-toms, and gone *fante*, and drunk human blood when "the camp smoke rises straight to the wicked full moon in the zenith, and the forest is all whispering with witchery and danger," as William James once remarked abruptly when he should have been discussing the metaphysics of the savage. That other philosopher, Aristotle, would, no doubt, have considered such a primitive, *ensorcelé* Othello less "tragic" in the proper sense than a more loftily intellectual figure, but he is more human, and therefore more lovable. Besides, the story of the play requires a streak of this stupidity and animal suggestibility in the character. The images under which Othello visualizes Desdemona's presumed sin are not apt for quotation, but they reveal his slight powers of abstraction and inhibition. He is, when stirred, the almost hypnotic slave of his physical imaginings. All this Mr. Tearle, we fancy, perceives in his own way, but he forgets that it is a very deep-throated lion, not a tigress, who is roused when you wave a colored handkerchief before Othello. He has shudders and screams which are feminine and hysterical, and, as such, altogether wrong. He seems, moreover, to have but a limited command of the mechanics of passion in tone and voice. He is bankrupt long before the bedroom scene, which means that he is quite dried-up just when he needs a cataract of resources to let the end of the tragedy ring full and thunderous. We may add that grievous as the murder of Desdemona is to watch, it is necessary (if this play is to be acted at all) to do something with her that really does look like taking the life of a grown woman; it is no use trying to spare the feelings of the audience.

And Desdemona herself? We are forced to say that Miss Madge Titheradge fails. She seems extinguished by the part, as though she had straitly warned herself beforehand that her natural high spirits and vivacity must make no show here. What a delusion, bred of stage tradition! And how much longer is "the super-subtle Venetian" to be travestied for us as the filleted and flaxen-haired heroine of some Northern tale of domestic virtue? Desdemona is no Princess Snowdrop: just because her sturdy chastity is not for show it is possible to traduce it. (Remember the language of the ladies of Elizabeth's Court, who may be looked on roughly as her contemporaries.) Which of the prim figures with the clasped hands and downcast eyes that our actresses show us for Desdemona is at all like the headstrong girl who deceived her father (yes, she did), eloped from home, and married a black man? Is she not all wiles and wilfulness and *coquetterie*—we might almost add Margoterie? "What wouldst thou write of me, if thou wouldst praise me?" she at once accosts Iago when compliments are in the air. "Nor send you out o' the way . . . to fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask?" inquires Othello of her serving-maid. Who can imagine

the Vestal Virgin on vacation that is usually presented to us as Desdemona having use for such toys? A fan? Hardly. A mask? Impossible. With all this gaiety and thoughtlessness and self-will (how she forces Cassio down her husband's throat, and how readily she whitewashes about the handkerchief!), the elegant butterfly breaks her own wings. Iago, a student of human nature, ever snares his victim through their besetting weakness. One feels sometimes that if a great actress were playing Desdemona we should be shown all through the play this sporting beside the abyss, and only see framed in tumbled hair on the deathbed the face of the frightened child who had meant no harm.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Grafton Galleries: The International Society.

WHILE the war lasted, the International Society was forced to belie its name, and even now the Germans seem to be excluded, though Wagner and Richard Strauss are not deemed unfit for public performance. Our eyes, perhaps, are more sensitive than our ears. The present exhibition, however, has received a quite noticeable amount of support from the foreigner. There is a fair sprinkling of French pictures; and the United States, Belgium, Japan, Poland, Russia, and (is this the thin end of the wedge?) Turkey are represented. Still, English art covers most of the wall-space, and if Manet's portrait of M. Antonin Proust, a few pastels and chalk drawings by Degas, and some wood-engravings by M. René Ben Sussan (the Turkish artist) be excepted, the home-product holds its own in quality as well as quantity. Why Manet's portrait of Antonin Proust is so immeasurably a finer work of art than Sir William Orpen's M. Clemenceau is easier seen than explained. For most of us M. Clemenceau is the more interesting subject: M. Proust, in his *chapeau haute forme* and *redingote*, seems remote from the world of to-day, and top-hats and frock-coats do not usually ally themselves satisfactorily with art. Yet in spite of handicaps negative as well as positive, Manet made this portrait live in its frame with an immense though suppressed intensity which not all Sir William Orpen's skill has availed to bestow on M. Clemenceau, though "the Tiger" sits *sans gêne*, and M. Proust confronts us standing in stiff rectangularity and with an air of ceremony in keeping with his clothes. We doubt if analysis can elucidate the mystery, but perhaps the truth is that Manet was a master of elegant perception who penetrated to character through its outer forms, whereas Sir William Orpen's curiosity is satisfied with the incidents of surface. We feel confirmed in this estimate when we come to his war-paintings, of which there are a number in the exhibition. How else but on the assumption that his curiosity stopped at externals can we account for the impression given by these paintings that the war was predominantly bright and rather comic? Yet the paintings have titles such as "The Mad Woman of Douai," "After the Bomb," &c., and the incidents depicted would strike few of us as being conspicuously gay.

Mr. Ambrose McEvoy has not accustomed us to male portraits, and his painting of "The Late Captain Sir John Alcock, D.S.C., K.B.E.," is interesting for this reason, but it cannot be easy to turn from so adept a formula of flimsiness as we see in his portrait of "Mrs. Rosen" to the problems of character from which male portraiture provides no escape. To those who are inclined to admire the pastels of M. Louis Legrand we would recommend careful study of Forain's "Danseuse debout" and Degas's sketches in the end gallery. M. Alvaro Guevara's portrait of "The Honble. Dorothy Brett" is full of fine color, and the painter shows a detachment unusual in portraiture in treating the sitters as part and no more than part of a general scheme of arrangements which includes a vast quantity of furniture.

Excepting M. René Ben Sussan's wood-engravings illustrating Wilde's "Salomé," which are really imaginative and of great technical beauty besides, the rest of the exhibition does not rise above a mediocre level of interest.

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Mon. 9. Devonshire House, Bayswater, E.C., 1.20.—“War from the Soldier’s Point of View.” Geographical Society, 5.—“The Origin of Mountain Ranges,” Col. Sir Sidney Burrard. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting. King’s College, 5.30.—“New Light on Pentateuchal Problems,” Lecture III., Dr. A. S. Yahuda. University College, 5.30.—“The Permanent Court of International Justice,” Mr. H. H. L. Belot. (Rhodes Lecture.) University College, 5.30.—“The University Library at Oxford,” Mr. Faleone Madan. Surveyors’ Institution, 8.—“The Valuation of Mineral Properties,” Mr. T. A. O’Donahue.

Tues. 10. Royal Institution, 3.—“Darwin’s Theory of Man’s Origin, in the Light of Present-day Evidence,” Lecture IV., Prof. A. Keith. Asiatic Society, 4.30.—Annual Meeting. King’s College, 5.—“Cosmogony and Stellar Evolution,” Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Jeans. King’s College, 5.—“Hellenism and Judaism,” Lecture II., Canon A. C. Headlam. King’s College, 5.—“The Renascence of Polish and Slavonic Literatures,” Lecture II., Mr. L. Wharton. King’s College, 5.30.—“The Present Issue between Realism and Idealism,” Lecture I., Prof. H. Wildon Carr. University College, 5.30.—“The Political Relations between Holland and England,” Lecture II., Prof. P. Geyl. University College, 5.30.—“The Metastability of Matter,” Lecture I., Prof. E. Cohen. Zoological Society, 5.30.

Wed. 11. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), 11 a.m.—“The Buddhist Doctrine of Karma,” Lecture II., Prof. L. de la Vallée Poussin. School of Oriental Studies, noon—“South Africa since 1870,” Miss A. Werner. Guild of Education (11, Tavistock Square, W.C.), 5.30.—“‘Mary Rose’ and the Problem of the Infantile Personality,” Dr. Constance Long. King’s College, 5.30.—“Beauvais, Bourges, and Rheims,” Prof. P. Dearmer. University College, 5.30.—“Courts Martial,” Sir Felix Cassel. Society of Arts, 6.—“Phonoscript: A New Method in the Phonetic Teaching of English Pronunciation,” Mr. A. E. Hayes. Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.—“War and Vivisection,” Mr. E. G. Smith.

Thurs. 12. Royal Institution, 3.—“Psychological Studies: II. The Appreciation of Music,” Dr. C. S. Myers. Royal Society, 4.30.—“The Problem of Finite Focal Depth revealed by Seismometers,” Mr. G. Walker; and five other Papers. King’s College, 5.30.—“The New Testament and the Old Testament,” Dr. J. Moffatt. (Hibbert Lectures.) University College, 5.30.—“The Metastability of Matter,” Lecture II., Prof. E. Cohen. Sociological Society, 8.15.—“Co-operation in Social Studies,” Prof. P. Geddes. Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

Fri. 13. Astronomical Society, 5. King’s College, 5.30.—“Contemporary Russia: The Issues,” Sir Bernard Pares. League of Peace (144, High Holborn, W.C.), 7.30.—“Freedom,” Lecture II., Mr. E. G. Smith. Royal Institution, 9.—“The Determination of Sex,” Dr. W. Bateson.

The Week’s Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

English Catalogue of Books for 1920. 10x5. 344 pp. “Publishers’ Circular,” 10, Adam Street, W.C., 5/- n.

PHILOSOPHY.

Baillie (J. B.). Studies in Human Nature. 9x5. 308 pp. Bell, 15/- n. Dreyer (James). The Psychology of Everyday Life. 7x5. 175 pp. Methuen, 6/- n. Field (G. C.). Moral Theory: an Introduction to Ethics. 7x5. 224 pp. Methuen, 6/- n.

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Tawney (R. H.). The Acquisitive Society. 7x5. 249 pp. Bell, 4/- n.

Young (George). Diplomacy Old and New (Swarthmore International Handbooks). 7x5. 105 pp. Swarthmore Press, 2/- n.

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Marquand (Allan). Giovanni della Robbia (Princeton Monographs in Art, 8). 10x7. 247 pp., pl. Princeton Univ. Press (Milford), 35/- n.

Modern Painting. III. The Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A. Foreword by A. L. Baldry. 15x11. 5 pp., 8 col. pl. “The Studio,” 7.6 n.

Noguchi (Yone). Hiroshima. 10x7. 38 pp., 20 pl. New York, Orientalia (Elkin Mathews), 25/- n.

Puppenbuch. Das. 7x5. 36 pp., 32 pl. Berlin, Erich Reiss, 48 m.

Rackham (Bernard). The Owen Pritchard Collection of Pottery, Porcelain, Glass, and Books. 9x5. 111 pp., pl. Lane, 10.6 n.

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